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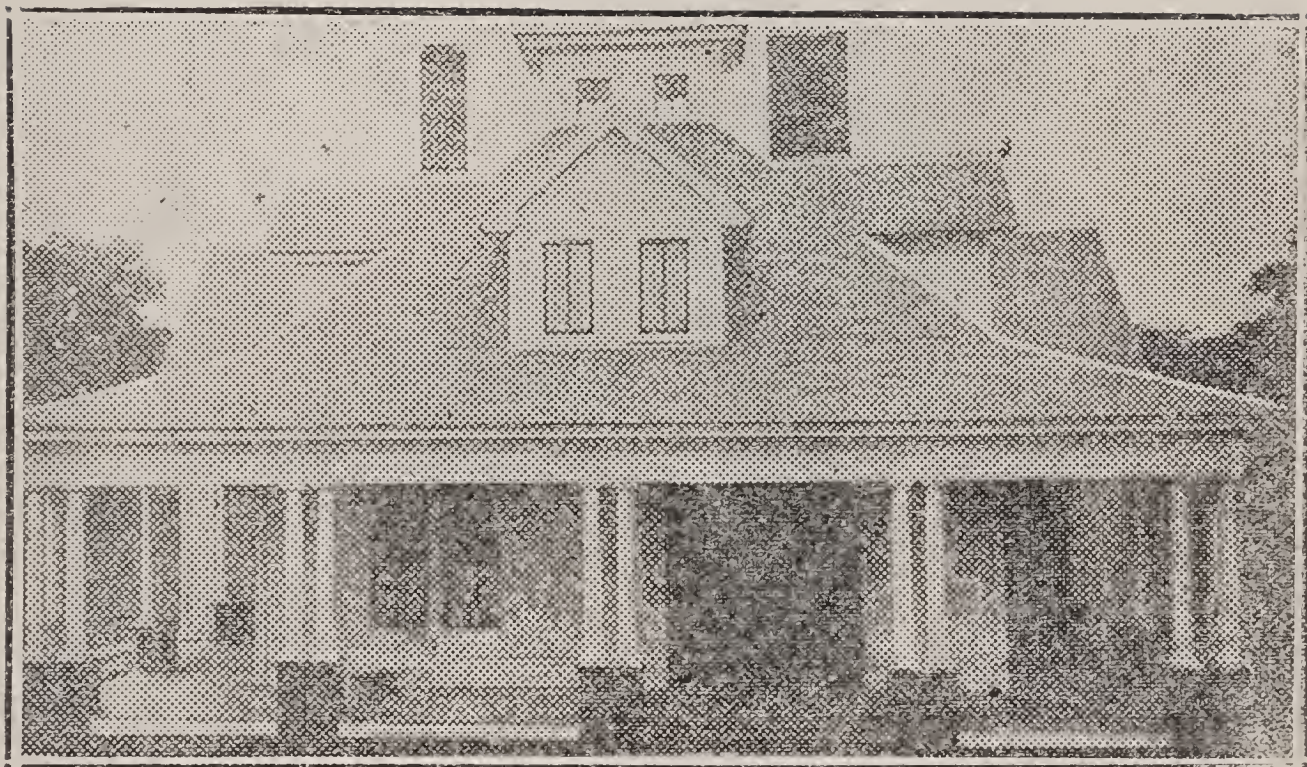
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This is the Home of Prof. V. L. Lester, which was completed Sept., 1917 on one of the most popular streets of Colored people in the city, 416 Campbell St.

This home costed \$5000

*There is no place like home" (the South)
why prosecute me and I am innocent.
Let us live Together In Unity*

THE MOB VIOLENCE

| *And The* |

American Negro

**"My experience in the
Sunny South"**

-- B Y --

PROF. V. L. LESTER
¹¹
WINONA, MISS.

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PROF. V. L. LESTER,
The World's Famous Lecturer and Author.
Better known as "The Mississippi Lester"

INTRODUCTION.

My friend of many years and parishioner for three years has asked me to write a brief introduction to this volume. I do not see the need of any such preface. Mr. Lester is so well known the country over that to undertake to make him better known is like trying to paint the lily over or adding another color to the rainbow, yet I am under such manifold obligation to the author I am glad to comply with any request of his.

Mr. Lester has not attempted anything approaching to a complete portrait gallery of his usefulness and sacrifices that he has made for his race and country.

This man, fearless as a lion and harmless as a dove, is better known in his home town, Winona, Miss., as "The Stranger's Friend."

His confidence in humanity and his sympathy for the unfortunate always keep the door of his heart, as well as the door of his palatial home open for reception of those that need his aid.

My conception of Christianity is not found in the man that shouts the loudest, but in the man's good deeds. I am not trying to give a sketch of the life of the author, but I don't think it would be out of place for me to mention a few of the unthought of deeds of this good man.

One rainy morning an old deaf, dumb and blind man was seen wandering around the streets. Simon, or Sime, as everybody called him, could find his way almost to any place he had been to more than once, but on the above mentioned morning Sime seemed greatly in trouble as he plodded along feeling his way and muttering as any mute would. It was evidently seen that "Sime" was lost.

In the meantime men and women would pass by him, some with jest, some would taunt him, while the better

would pity him and wonder where he stayed and where he was trying to go. Finally, as I was going down the street behind Sime, he met the author of this book, and leaving the beaten path stepped into the deep mud in the street and took hold of Sime's hand. Sime, as was his way, began to use his sense of touch to determine who this friend was. He gave a careful examination, and when he put his hand on his head, he knew it was his friend Mr. Lester. So at the very moment Sime knew who his friend was he threw both arms around him, and Mr. Lester's arms at the same time went around Sime, and an old-time shout went up and for a few minutes it would have touched the heart of any individual to see such a demonstration in the muddy street.

I was somewhat curious to know the cause of Sime's love for Mr. Lester, and on investigation I found that Mr. Lester had given him one of his nice rent houses to live in and was furnishing him with food and wood. A few days before, or rather the day before this incident, Mr. Lester had moved Sime out of a four-room house into a two-room house, so being in a new place he lost his way to Mr. Lester's home, as he was accustomed to go for his breakfast.

Every unfortunate stranger that comes through Winona finds his way to Mr. Lester, and always find comfort and help from this good man.

I could write a whole chapter concerning the work and worth of Mr. Lester in the church. He is the preachers' friend, and his home is the abode of nearly all of the visiting preachers in the city.

Now, dear reader, it would be unjust for me to close this sketch without mentioning the two things that showed to me the real spirit of the author. When war was declared he was the first man in Winona to give a son to fight for democracy and the Stars and Stripes. He has only two boys, and both volunteered, the younger being only 17 years old. But notwithstanding the sacrifice of these boys, Mr. Lester was the leading man of his

race in all of the war drives. He laid down his work and gave his time unstintingly to his country.

Second. When the great and destructive influenza epidemic was ravishing our town, the government had called away all of our doctors except two or three, and those that were left were sick with the exception of one, and terrible was our condition—one doctor and more than six hundred cases. In one home there were eleven down. I was doing all I could do; being on foot I could not get around as fast as I desired, so Mr. Lester took me in his buggy and we began the fight together. I cannot point the dreadful condition the town was in, but the condition was so serious that relief stations were opened to furnish the poor and needy with medicine and food. All during the day Mr. Lester and his faithful horse, Joe, could be seen with his buggy loaded down with buckets filled with soup and other nourishing things for the sick.

Mr. Lester is also zealous to bring about a better relation and a better understanding between the white and black races. His denunciation against mob violence is bitter, but pleads for just treatment and a fair deal in court and equal protection from the authorities of the law.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. H. MURRELL,

Pastor of Haven Memorial M. E. Church,

Winona, Miss.

MY LECTURE AT ROCKPORT THAT NEARLY CAUSED MY DEATH.

True Man and Womanhood.

The joy that cheers us most in this life springs from our worthy acts and good deeds which we have performed. Let us study the things which promote peace and progress. Let the adornment of the young woman be that of character and intellect and not the false showing of expensive clothes.

Pray that confusion may come to an end and sweet peace cover the earth as the waters do the deep. Take heed, my friends, while the doors of the twentieth century are opened to you. Choose ye this day the road that leads to eternal life.

These thoughts pondered in the heart will show to the outward world that we are members of some Christian organization. This one can testify from past experience and knowledge, that the way to the Celestial City is delightful and leads to a mansion above.

No sacrifice is too great, if victory comes at the end. With this thought in view, let us go to the work of this year. With a high purpose that will call forth our cleverest thoughts, tenderest sympathies and earnest resolves to the end that we may accomplish that which will make us happy children, better citizens, and our deeds will be handed down to generations yet unborn.

My friends, let your lives be so clean and upright before God that only the Grand Architect of the Universe could have designed it better.

Let those of you who are in the broad way that leads to death eternal return and enter through Christ into the

marvelous light of His countenance, wherein the world cannot reward you here.

Let us lay aside foolishness and feed the people on the bread of truth. Think of the condition of our schools and churches some forty years ago and compare those of that time with our institutions of today. Why not let your thoughts improve like the works of industry and education have done these many years?

You may lay out your plans for a long life, but you had better prepare to meet your God. Do all you can every day of your life for the upbuilding of our people. You are not too old to do something for your Master.

Some of the best works that the world has ever seen were written after the authors began to think that they were too old. Isaac Walton wrote his biography after he was eighty. Christopher Wren continued in architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty; Hobbes at eighty-seven wrote vigorously and transplanted the "Illiad," and Fontenelle wrote "Memoirs" of his own life at one hundred and fifteen years.

The man who reads books, newspapers and travels, knows of the great evil that intemperance is doing in this country and its damnable effect upon the human race. After a man sees all of this and tries not to check it, in my estimation, he is a poor citizen and is a promoter of wickedness and a criminal, too. I appeal to the higher powers, don't protect the people only for money, but because it is your duty to protect them.

The Bible says that the wicked shall be cast into hell with all nations that forget God. I say today, let us pray and work day and night until we shall have succeeded in putting out of the way drunkenness, adulteries, loafers, liars, thieves and all other bad characters from our land.

If we can't stop the wicked, then let us ask God to take them from among us. O! my friends, just think, Christ said, Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden

and I will give you rest. It is the laborer only that is invited into the mansion of rest. Whiskey takes your money, injures your body and weakens your mind, then whiskey has injured you in a great many ways. A great many of our people call themselves Christians who run hotels and other public places, yet they keep rooms to rent to bad characters. They may be money-getters, but bad citizens and no Christians at all.

Many people of our cities delight in skating rooms and beer gardens, but the right name for them is schools of evil doings that are sure to carry your boys and girls to ruin and an endless punishment. You never knew of a loyal Christian to run such places. If they were a good thing then they would be attached to some Christian church. What is not good, then it is evil. The Bible says, go ye into all the world and preach My gospel to every creature. Not one place does it say to build up things to lead our people to a burning hell.

Oh! father and mother, do not encourage such things. They will prepare your souls for the degraded walks of life. Step by step they go from one degree of crime to another, until they land in a devil's hell, leave father, mother, kindred and friends to grieve their demise. Such characters work shame and disgrace in our country. They become robbers of virtue and capital offenders. This is enough to stir the blood and manhood of every law-abiding citizen throughout our land. Whiskey deranges the minds of men and women who are led by its influences, which finally dispatches them to a life-time disgrace. Whiskey is the worst enemy to Christianity. Whiskey makes the murderer and causes many to go insane. Whiskey makes orphans of children and paupers of the rich. It is the co-partner of gambling dens which leads its inmates to an untimely grave. Whiskey allures many of

our noblest girls to everlasting shame. Whiskey crowds the city courts, and every Monday morning the fines increase the city treasury. Whiskey sends thousands yearly to a drunkard's grave, it robs our people of their homes and causes them to lose self-respect and care for God. Why should you indorse any public place that is not fit for your wives and daughters, mothers and sisters to visit? If I were you I would not go there either.

The railroad companies will not hire a man for a single day if they know that he drinks, then why will you girls value your good sense and moral standing by joining hands with him as a life partner?

Life insurance companies will not insure a drunkard's life, then why will you have the confidence in yourself to manage such a being when these companies will not risk them, Oh! mothers, save your boys. What a power a mother has! Mother, have you forgotten your power handed from Mother Eve down to our day?

Woman has a great power for good or for evil. A woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian character and influences; and when I ponder upon the powerful influences of Eve upon her husband and the whole human race I conceive that the frail arm of a woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity, in the dungeons as well as upon the heights.

The requisite is to live a clean Christian life, the next is to raise God-fearing children. Put this impression upon their minds while they are young—to be truthful, honest, loving and obedient—this will show them the way to heaven. And the only way is to love God with all of your heart, soul, mind and strength. Thirdly, to treat your neighbor as yourself or as you would have others to treat you. Who is my neighbor? Any one who will administer to me in the time of need. Mothers, teach your children to be kind to them that are oppressed, for as the wind

changes and the river rises so do nations. God says, love one another, go out into the highways and the hedges, find them and compel them to come to Christ. The way to make the people better is to be kind to them and teach them what God would have them to do, then you live what you teach. Be as honest as the artist was when he was called upon to paint the likeness of Alexander the Great. Alexander had an ugly scar on his forehead that would ruin the picture in the estimation of his admirers, so the painter concluded to leave the scar off because it would not give a perfect likeness. So the artist decided to make the painting. Alexander, leaning with his arm on the table, with fingers over the scar, the artist painted a perfect likeness of Alexander the Great. Drawing out the things of anyone's life, seek for the good, and the bad will try to hide forever. Cover them with good things or else they will ruin your life.

There were many union soldiers wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, and as these soldiers lay dying on the field, a Southern soldier was seen to take a supply of water and carry it to the sufferer as he lay in agony and blood. When the General saw the act of this brave man and what he intended to do, they suspended fighting for one hour in order that the man might finish his acts of kindness. For every charitable act you will be rewarded. Don't confine your good deeds, for God will reward you. Never let vain thoughts enter and contaminate the mind with evil deeds or desire. Our thoughts are ever forming over our characters and whatever they take in, it will tinge our lives. Take the first lesson, it takes a life-time to build a reputation but it takes only a moment to lose it or lay it down. This shows to you that no man is safe unless he continues to go upward. Many have risen high in the sphere of life that leads to true manhood and Godliness, but by living reckless lives and being led by others, they fell to eternal misery, shame and woe.

What a blessing every man has his choice, he can choose upward or downward.

Sincerity is the first step to virtue and noble living. So, man without this essential quality is not a man. Kito

was a deaf pauper, a hopeless case you would say, and yet he became one of the greatest biblical scholars of his time. Let this be a lesson to you, let out your powers and you will save some one from shame and ruin. Disraeli, the young Hebrew, on being hissed from the House of Commons, said that the time would come when you will hear me. So true to his words he forced his way through race prejudice and surprised England.

Don't be discouraged because your chances are not as good as someone else's, but push your way. Henry Fawcett had both of his eyes shot out by his father while out hunting. This grieved the father very much, but Henry told his father to never mind that, blindness shall not interfere with my success, and Henry became prime minister of that country. So don't get discouraged, but go on to success.

Charles Lamb, who was addicted to strong drink, said that if men could see as he now does, why they would never take the first tempting drink—they would flee from this great evil. This habit has carried many a man downward and he cannot help himself, but he can never forget when he was at the point to choose between good and evil.

My friends, the only way to be a man or woman of credit to your community is to lay aside frivolity and build up a solid foundation, then build and shape your life so that men can read your thoughts and rejoice in the beautiful way in which you have shaped your character, and others will tread in your foot-prints and follow you to the end.

Let us be heroes, go out with the helmet of salvation on your head, the shield of faith, to protect the body, shoes

of the gospel to peace on your feet, your loins girded about with truth, breast plate of righteousness, and the sword of the spirit in your hands.

When you have on this full armor you don't like to lay around the fort but go out into the field where work it to be done and victories achieved for the Lord. You read in the papers of great ball players winning different games and are being crowned with success, as the heroes. You may also read where a man has on the championship as a great fighter. But this may seem great in the eyes of some people, but with God it is nothing but shame. For this class it does not require a moral temperament. So let that kind of heroism go and be a hero for God in order that you may gain an everlasting life.

This is what it takes for a man to be a hero. A man that looks high and believes in purity and graces, a more worthy aspiration for the royal manhood of today. England's Prince is no longer great because he is a prince. Every man is measured by what he is.

Yield not to temptations but shape your end well and you will be a hero, and that will help to make others great. This is what the world needs today: Moral heroes, spiritual heroes. Anyone can slide down hill but to rise it requires some efforts. Try to help yourself and others will help you. Be God's heroes.

Long suffering, forbearance and self-denial in pointing other souls to a purer and nobler life in Him who is able to defend us. Parents, remember your children and others who are coming after you, so take the straight path for they are going to step in your foot-prints.

Fathers, remember that your sons will call for the same drink that you take, so call for water and thus save

your sons from eternal ruin. Today is the only chance for you to save your boys and girls, so be a hero for God.

A set of men were crossing a mountain of Scotland and they came to a place where only eagles and angels had been. These men were studying the works of God in the rocks and flowers as well as the beautiful sceneries. They saw some flowers on a projection which was too dangerous for them to try to get. They saw a man and his son near by and they called to the boy and told him that they would tie the rope around his waist and let him down to the flowers, then draw him back, and they would give him a great reward for the flowers, as they were a beautiful specimen of rare beauties which they were very anxious to obtain.

The father consented because the boy had been lowered so many times to the sea bird's nest. The boy looked around at the men and said, "I will go if father will hold the rope." Why not you launch out and fight for God? When He says that He is with you always, even to the end. And God is able to tear down and build kingdoms, care for the sick and raise the dead. Don't fear any one, but be a hero. Don't think that you are so powerful that you can drive men like sheep or cut a world out of paper, for you are as shallow as a milk pan. There are others who will soon find out that you are as empty as an electric globe and there is plenty of room for improvement, and they will say, O' what a great head, but there is but a little in it.

A good many people continue to talk but never say anything. I heard of a learned man boiling his watch for an egg, and another one forgetting that he was to get married on a certain day, and he would have lost his lady had not a friend of his led him out of his study.

Think of this, boys, and rejoice to know that you have not so much learning that it would cause you to lose respect for those who are not so well up to modern improvements. A boy was raised by a widowed mother, one that loved him beyond excess. This widow sent the boy to school and she had to wash in order to keep him in school.

This woman longed to see the day come for her boy to graduate. The years rolled on and she continued to rub clothes. The time came for her son to graduate, the mother was delighted to know it because she had toiled so long in order that he might be prepared for life's duties. This widow being bent by the effects of many years' labor over the wash tub, put her in a somewhat ugly shape. She began to rejoice in telling her friends of the day that her son was to graduate and she was going to be there and that would be the happiest day of her life and when she saw her son graduate it would pay her for all that she had done for him. The old lady sent her son a new suit of clothes and told him of the day that she would be there herself. So the old lady with the assistance of her friends prepared for the trip but the day before she was to start she received a letter from her son, saying, "Mother, don't come here; you have always been in the country and are not up with city style and your coming would be unpleasant for us both, for you don't know how to act."

This dear mother melted down in tears and grief, but she tried to apologize for her son, but she was never happy any more and soon died of grief. Never forget mother. Let this be a lesson for you boys and girls.

There was an old horse that had done service at a bark mill for many years, so on account of his age he was set free for the remainder of his life. At the time of day for him to do his work he would go around in a circle, the passersby would stop and look at him and were led to say, "Oh, the force of habit has fixed itself on him." Let this be a warning to you. One of our greatest Generals filled an early grave by the habit of smoking. So be careful about your habits in early life. Let your mind and daily walks be for the good only, the indolent can-

not, by a wish, become industrious, nor the spendthrift frugal, nor the libertine virtuous. The habit of controlling our thoughts in tune with truth, virtue and cheerfulness, will insure beauty and harmony in character. The will is the main note, let it assume its rights. Now is the time, for regret will not change your course. So if you have any bad habits change them today. You who have done wrong, why don't you see as the prodigal son did. He began his journey back and continued until he had reached his father's home. So he had to eat no more husk, neither to feed swine in order to live. He found plenty of room as you will find if you will only consider that your way is not our Father's way, which bids you to come home. To nourish in the heart no evil claims and purposes is not in itself sufficient for the attainments of life's true end. Some of the noblest aims have been to evaporate resolutions into thin air. A conviction of duty, right desires and good resolves are all needed, but they are not enough, for convictions must be carried out, desires transplanted into deeds, and resolves crystalized into solid facts.

There is nothing in day dreams or wishing for improvements. Get up and go to doing something and you will fill your mission. The world is full of people of good intentions with their millions in the banks. They think of many things that they could do, but they do none of them. So he is no good to the poor and the suffering, and they keep their money hoarded up while they need their assistance. Stop talking of what you would do if you had the means, while at the same time there are ten thousand of things that you could do if you would and it would be a great benefit to our people.

Cheer up, and live a clean life and teach the truth. Don't be narrow and only want to do good to your own people, but help all that you can in every good way. There was a certain rich man who wanted a servant, and he tried a good many of them. So he asked one how near could he drive to the gulf without danger. The servant said four feet, another said three feet, another said three inches, another said one and one-half inches, and the last one said, "Kind sir, I would drive you just as far from that gulf as I could."

The rich man said that you are the one I want, that is the kind of an individual that God wants. Stay away from bad places, don't allow things to be with you as it was with the king eagle and the humming bird. The eagle whips all of the other birds that come near him, but the humming bird sits on the eagle's head, pecks and pecks until he injures the brain of the eagle and sometimes causes the eagle's death. So it is with some people, they seek the weak spots in the lives of others and they continue to peck at their influence and good name and character until he or she kills the person. The Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill." Follow that precept in letter and in spirit. Amen.

IN HATTIESBURG

The Treatment of the Right Kind of Men With the Same And How to Make Friends of All Men.

Leaving behind me all that I knew among negroes of Mississippi's capital city, I soon found myself among strangers in a strange land. As the giant engine made its way and time rolled on, in a short time we arrived at Hattiesburg, Miss. Here I found many colored people having all the comforts of life, colored people, good and bad men and women as both are in the world together and cannot be entirely separated until the day of the general judgment when Jesus will make the separation.

The first occurrence on my arrival there was the meeting of a stranger who led me to a white restaurant for luncheon, which was served in a paper bag from the kitchen. On my way back to the train he said to me: "As I find you to be a gentleman, kind sir, I present to you this pint of old ———."

My friend, said I, I will declare to you that I never tasted that kind of a drink in my life. I am a temperance man, a teetotaler, kind sir, in all things intoxicating

He said, "Sir, pardon me, I thought you was a preacher." Why, my kind sir, do preachers drink whiskey? He answered: "All I deal with do." I then handed him one of my books on "Temperance, Truthfulness and Honesty." As I heard the conductor's "all aboard," I boarded the train.

Looking before me I saw the head of a white gentleman whom I knew. Said I, "Good morning, Mr. Porter." "Why, hello there, Lester, how are you this morning?"

Thanking him kindly, in my accustomed way, with good manners of etiquette, he handed me his hand, giving me that friendly grip of a pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon that boasts of its purity, to which I gladly responded as a "Son of Ham." Said he, "Where are you going, Lester?" To Gulfport, I replied. "Where are you going, Mr. Porter." "I am goin gto Gulfport to try to purchase some property, Lester." So am I, Mr. Porter, said I. About that time the train started off and I said to him, I will see you in the city, Mr. Porter. "O. K.," Lester," he replied. I rushed up, caught on to my car and the giant engine ploughed on through space until evening when we arrived at the long-wished for city and port.

Now the first thing that attracted my attention was the beautiful station house, with separate waiting rooms, for two races of people, and everything beautifully arranged.

ON MY ARRIVAL AT GULFPORT AND WHAT I EXPERIENCED IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

At the hotel the proprietor, a fine and courteous gentleman, running a first-class business with no blind tiger connected, to the left a fine dining room, with beautiful fruit pictures on the walls, and polished tables to serve the guests, in the pantry was everything to be found that was palatable and nourishing for a visitor. After getting ready for lunch and partaking of some of the dainties made one fall in love with the hostess, they then carried me to the second floor and presented me to a seat on the front gallery. For thirty minutes I enjoyed the cool breeze and looked southward over the great waters of the deep, and seeing the giant ships playing their part through the mighty waters. After this I was assigned to my room where I made a change in costume and prepared for the

church, which was only a short distance over the sandy street to make. I heard an able sermon by a black man. I returned to the hotel and rested from my labors. I awakened on the morning of the eighth of August on the gulf coast, and only a few hundred feet of land between the great waters and me.

Everybody seemed to be happy on their way to their work—whistling, humming and laughing. Then I was forced to say, surely this was the happiest place that I had ever seen. Good many people get mad when you awake them early in the morning, but way down in Dixie it makes them jubilant and jolly.

At 9 o'clock I met my man, Mr. Porter, the white man that I mentioned at Hattiesburg, was one. Hello, Lester. Good morning, Mr. Porter. He at once said to his friend, when I was asking the people of Lester, or if they knew of his whereabouts, did I misrepresent him as far as you can see, Mr. Lewis? I told you that he was a man, and far beyond the average in looks, dress, manners, behavior, costume, intelligence, and a fine-looking colored man.

Mr. Lewis' answer was: "He is all O. K., and I find him only for business, so I like that of Lester. Now, boys, let us go. Mr. Porter, you sit behind and let Lester sit by me." So we got into the carriage, drove through the city. Mr. Lewis took great pains in showing me all of his property in that section of the city, the manufactories and all of the improvements, both school and churches and the homes of the noted negroes of that part of the state. Now, Lester, I am going out this evening and I would be glad for you to go with me. Owing to a previous engagement, Mr. Lewis, I am sorry that I cannot go. When can you go? I will go Tuesday morning. "All right, I will look for you. Come down to my home, Lester, for breakfast. We eat about 7:30." Thank you, Mr. Lewis. So I took a car went speeding along a beautiful beach, finally the conductor came to me and said: "Where are you going?"

I want to get off at Mr. I. E. Lewis'. All O. K. How will I know, I said to the conductor. You will find his house to have a brick basement, large columns of a very choice style, a fine building painted white with a pair of steps extending to the second story, \$20,000 building. Thank you, sir. I found Mr. Lewis as the gentleman had said. I met him as the same courteous white man as he was long ago which had only made him king.

Mr. Lewis told the old colored man to hitch up the single buggy, now we will be off. We took in the farming sections of the truck farmers, as much as we could cover by one o'clock. Met one truck farmer who had in four years paid for 160 acres of land, paying from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per acre and during this time he had banked \$53,000.00 to his credit, August 8.

Another man had in one year made \$200.00 on one acre of land and so on, and many other things I might write you of my experience, but I have not the time now, but I will when I have more time.

Now back to Mr. Lewis. When we got to his home I wanted to go right on to my boarding house. No, you must stay and get dinner, so I did at this beautiful home away down in Dixie and on Long Beach, and in this fine house is where I had the privilege of dining and trying the finest tribe for all of its worth, then the winged tribe for its fullest value, sweet potatoes, corn bread, beans, cabbage, lettuce, beets and so on, were raised on his farm.

I certainly enjoyed my trip to the gulf coast. Mr. Lewis is a real estate dealer and a gentleman. So Mr. Lewis and I came back to the business section of the city together on the street cars. I went out on the pier owned by Mr. Jones, of the G. & S. I. R. R. Saw many vessels loaded and unloaded from foreign countries, and there was employment for many of our men, working for reasonable wages.

Leaving the pier we went back to the business section. Found everything rushing. So many opportunities for the young negro in this coming city. Will be some day one of the greatest of this country.

As long as I stayed in the city I was made welcome in every phase of business by both white and black. I talked with the business men and I found out that they wanted men and not a thing on the gulf coast they would give anything to get rid of the loafers, the liars and the thieves. Good-bye, Mr. Lewis. So we parted. Glad to know that they are shipping the bad element by degrees. If you are for business you are welcomed by all. I left on Wednesday for New Orleans, La., visited the great Pythian Temple immediately after my arrival in the city, and found there a fine-kept garden for the pleasure and enjoyment of the people.

I found in this building some of our great men in their offices. I was introduced to a great many of the leading white men there. They all gladly received the introduction to a temperance man. I stayed until Sunday, then leaving, thinking I had done all the good that I could standing up for that which I thought to be right, in the name of the Lord. I went back to Gulfport over the L. & N. R. R. I met a man who was a stranger, though he invited me to his home. Wanted me to lecture in the protracted meeting, which was going on. I accepted the invitation, thinking I could do the people some good by so doing. I went with the brother to his town; found it a fine looking little village, then the conveyance of his own took me to his country home.

As we were going one had to wait for something, so a man came up to me and said, "Hello, my friend, do you

know where you are?" I told him that I did not. "You do not unless you have been here before—have you?" "No, sir, this is my first visit."

Do you know where the word Xmas-gift came from? Now, sir, I answered him, when God first met the devil, the devil said, "Good morning, God." The Lord said, "Good morning, devil." The devil said to the Lord, "Xmas-gift." So the Lord said, "I will give you certain countries in Mississippi, and this is one of them." "And this has been Hell ever since," was the answer to the man.

Well, I guess that I am like the old preacher that went off into the high grass to study his Sunday's sermon and went to sleep, as most colored people will do, when they begin to read the Bible. While the old man was asleep some boys went all around the old man and set the grass on fire, and when the old man awoke and finding the fire all around him he said in a loud voice: "Been preaching forty years; this day I have awoke in hell at last. No more than what I had expected."

Now, I must make my way out. Just about this time the driver drove off, about 1:20 o'clock that night, of August 14th. Monday morning Mr. Hayes took me in his buggy and carried me to the M. B. C. five or six miles further into the country, away in the furthestmost part of heathenism. Two preachers preached, called for money, and opened the doors of the church, and then closed it, I supposed for the next services at 3 p.m. They declared that the doors would be opened by Brother Moore.

Mr. Hayes told Brother Walls that he had a distinguished brother who possessed a great deal of experience whom he wanted to introduce to the people of our vicinity. "All O K," responded the brother.

So the good man took great care in reading my card to the congregation, saying what he could for a stranger in my behalf. Brother Walls was seated. There were several white people on the outside. I extended a special

invitation to them asking them to come in and be seated, and they did so.

I began by congratulating the two ministers for the able sermons which they had preached, then I asked the congregation to bear with me for five or ten minutes. I first called the attention of the parents to the filling up of their penitentiary and state farms by our boys and girls, and how fast, that the number was growing to 2000 in 45 years in one little state. Will you allow me, my dear friends, to tell you publicly how to stop this? "Yes, yes, yes," was the answer.

The first thing to do is to examine yourself, and see how you are spending your life before your sons and daughters. First, lying on my neighbors and their families, breaking peace and happiness in any home which I can prey upon, will not pay my honest debts, hating the brother who is trying to live right and provide for his family. If one will save his or her earnings and come in possession of a respectable home and will not allow you to go and make a carpet of his loved ones.

You who will not have anything will go to the people telling them lies on this good man in order to get him run out of the country or to lynch him. Won't you do this? Answer, "Yes." Then again some of you will go to the courts and swear lie against your brother or sister. Won't you? "Yes, yes." So by this time you are studying all the time how to steal the name of some poor virtuous individual that you to be teaching how to stand up for the right and never to surrender to wrong.

You will go into the white people's houses, I mean these old Negro women, because that mistress will give you a cup of coffee and you will tell her everything that ever has happened in your part of the country for forty-five years back, on the Negro, you don't know how much, in order to make it interesting. When you run out, then you begin to lie, and they come thick and fast, let it hurt whoever it may.

Chewing, dipping and drinking coffee, then lying on your brother, is your profession. Why don't you be as the good white people, stand up for the right and die before you will surrender to wrong things, then you will not mistreat anything which belongs to your race.

Character, property, live stock, fowls, land, good name and nothing to hurt him, he thinks that he is rich. What a pity. Let him be rich, make him rich, for one rich Negro in a community is worth all of the worthless Negroes in the state. Not only that, if you will be honest and keep your good name, then your sons and daughters can marry in that rich man's family.

Oh, what a blessing it is for a Negro to be rich. When you are living on a farm where no one but Negroes live you can easily lie to the white people, and cause trouble. Now, my friends, that is why our sons and daughters are going so fast to shame and ruin. It is because nothing from nothing leaves nothing, and this class, which I might describe as jail birds, are the descendants of such characters.

Clean, honest, Christian gentlemen and ladies can raise children of such a character that will inherit the earth. I will bless them to the third and fourth generation if you will keep my commandments, saith the Lord. And I will curse them if they fail to keep them.

Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, might and strength and their neighbors as thyself. Do you do this? God means, brethren, that you must love the white man, the red man, and the yellow man, regardless of color, love him, do all the good that you can for them, and do by them as you would for them to do unto you. I know that it seems THAT SOME WHITE PEOPLE HATE A BLACK MAN, THOUGH THAT IS NONE of your business—you love him, just the same.

Jesus said for us to love one another, for you will have to

come unto judgment, only for yourself, so how can you keep from loving the white man of your own Sunny South and of the far North, East and West, the white man sailed upon the trackless blue sea to the jungles of Africa at the risk of his own life, found you perfectly wild and clothed in ignorance not even knowing of a true and living God. So he took you up in filth and in chains brought you from that dark continent into this world of light and told you of the true and living God, for many years. After keeping you for many years in slavery he saw that was not pleasing in God's sight to hold you as such; then the Civil Rights Bill was passed, which caused many to die upon the battlefields, and culminated into the greatest emancipation of the world. Then again think what a true friend the white man has been to us, for which the intelligent Negroes thank him for such favors.

We were set free, and finding ourselves without food, clothing and shelter, my brethren, just think for a moment, when I was hungry, who was it that gave me food? The white man. When I was naked who was it that gave me clothes? The white man of course? The white man, of course. When I had no home, who was it that sold me land? When I had no money, who loaned me the necessary means by which to meet my obligations? The white man, of course. When I was sick, who administered unto me? When I was uncouth and ignorant, who taught me? The white man.

If the white man turns his back on you, love him just the same, for the Southern whites have been our friends. Let us stand by the ones that have proven themselves to be worthy of our support. God will bless you. He is still helping to build your churches in order that our people may be better citizens—Christians—thereby becoming more friendly towards the white man.

There are many Negroes who are willing to stand up for the right and die for the maintenance of the good names

of the blessed saints of our country, let it be white or black. We don't mean to protect a man any longer when he is in the wrong, but we mean to die for the right. We want to do all the good we can to put an end to blind tigers, lying, loafing, stealing and other bad things may be dispatched from our land. We, the better Negroes of the Sunny South, love the name, the land, the climate, the home and the people of the South, and we acknowledge that this is the place for the black man, and we ask you for your protection as citizens of this country of yours and ours.

Now, my friends, you must pardon me for my scattering remarks. The thing that I am trying to impress upon your minds is that the Negroes of the South have more land, money and homes, the smartest men and who are prepared for any vocation of life, than any other state in the Union, so we are living in the right place, if you will only learn to be pure and not full of deceit. Be a man, stand up for that which is only right, and don't surrender to the wrong to any man, but die first. Be true to your trust, protect the virtue and the good name of your women, teach your daughters that when they have lost their good name they are then fit for nothing but to be trodden under the feet of men. I hope that the time will soon come when I can lecture to you. I hope that all confusion may soon come to an end this moment, or very soon, and that sweet peace forever may be yours.

After this I received many a hearty handshake from the brothers and sisters. Four or five white men stayed in the building and finally made their way to me, grasped my hands, one the left and the other the right.. They said to me: "We want you to lecture again on tomorrow. Your lecture is the best that I ever heard for the benefit of the present situation and to harmonize the two races. God bless you. I hope and trust that my mother may be fortunate enough to hear you. I will bring her tomorrow."

“I am going to bring my family tomorrow,” said one. And another one said: “I am certainly going to bring the girls,” and so on, were the encouraging remarks made by the white men. On Tuesday, 16th, I lectured. There were many whites, enough to fill the church, men and ladies. Had a glorious time. My subject was, “How and the only way we can live to raise noble Sons and Daughters.” This thrilled the hearts of many who had tried to live right, and for the benefit of the time that we now live and for future generations. For a man to do this he must be a clean man and temperate in all things, and learn to do things that will be a benefit to himself or some one else.

Abstain from chewing tobacco, smoking, burning up your daily earnings, and dipping snuff is one of the most disgusting thing that a man can practice,. Then, again, think of it; there is nothing in it but a source by which my money goes from me and my family and no one benefited. Then, again, chewing, dipping and smoking are not decent. It is merely an old idle habit that our people took up when they had nothing else to do. Now, at this age, if you go to learn this filthy habit, some boy or girl will be weakened and their way to a higher sphere in life will be thwarted, and in the near future you will have to look up to your superiors by borrowing money to pay your bills in order to hold up your good name. Any economical man could readily fill your wants because he does not burn up his money, neither chew and spit it on the ground. You cannot afford to support a blind tiger, gentlemen, but you must try to get them from among us. There is only one way to do this, and that is for the church to stop patronizing such individuals, and if the preachers, teachers and members of the different churches will stop buying these filthy dregs, why, the blind tigers will close and have to got out of business.

There is nothing to benefit you in the rum traffic and drunkenness. Shame on a man who will be a habitual buyer from an unlawful retailer, which is a violation of

the law, you should not support it. Such indulgence only prepares our sons and daughters for a degraded walk of life, cease to lose self-respect for parents, friends and God. Then let us try to stop such a practice by standing up for the right and not surrender to the wrong. Be men, stand up for Christ, for He invites you in to that mansion of rest if you will only labor for Him. Now, my dear friends, let us love one another and be true to the trust, and live as God would have us to live; then again think of the effects that whiskey has upon our people. It is no friend to you. It takes your money from you, injures your mind to a great extent. At times it puts you in a state of unconsciousness so that you don't know your mother, thus losing self-control of your own body and mind.

Oh, what a pity you can't see this is no friend to you. When rum boasts to the devil, telling him it will get that trustee, class leader, steward or deacon of that church, if you will make old John believe that he can get rich, by exposing me only to the members of the church, and the members of the lodge, Odd Fellows, Masons, Pythians, Woodmen, Knights of Honor, and these other little orders, which we have.

Oh, oh, brother! what a mistake that you are making when you force the mind to be bent upon such stuff. A damnable poison to destroy manhood and womanhood. You must suffer for it if your children will suffer the consequences, and convicts will be made of your sons and your daughters, thus chaining hand and foot, for a degraded walk in life.

What can you promise good for your people but a degraded career in life when you carry them and put them in the path that leads to evil doings. O what a blessing when men can see their mistakes in life, and will love right in the place of wrong. Will you be for Christ? If so, be a hero, stand up for the right, and never surrender to the wrong thing. God bless you all. I thank you.

CHAPTER XI.

On August 18th I arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, at 11 a.m. with a glad heart, thinking that I had done a great good in the lower part of Mississippi. Friday morning, the 19th, I began telling my many friends of my joy and success as a Christian lecturer—had added to the church forty-two souls.

Now, I am going out on tomorrow for a greater work. Saturday evening I boarded a Gulf & Ship Island train, stopped at D'Lo. There I met my friend, who took me to his house and gave me all the comfort that that vicinity could afford. Sunday morning was a bright and glorious one. I awoke with the birds in their own language singing their sweet songs, seemingly to be praising the God from whom all blessings flow. I arose at once and bowed in my humble way to thank God, the Father, for His Son, Jesus, and for my knowledge of Him who died that you and I might have eternal life. So filling the command of the Divine Spirit it came to me as a natural voice, saying, "I am with you always."

This made me feel that I am a "Child of the King." I was called to breakfast, and while sitting at the table thinking how I was to get seven miles into the country today, a young man said to me: "Doctor, I cannot carry you, for all the teams are out—not a one in the livery stable."

At that moment a man, a stranger, came to the door and said, "Dr. Lester, I will carry you in my hack." "Thank you, my friend, I thought that God would provide some way." At 10 o'clock the man called for me. I got ready at once and we started on that hot summer day for seven miles in an open top hack. We got to the church

The church was surrounded by buggies, wagons and all safe and sound, although everything was very hot.

people. I went into the churchyard, and as I entered the gate I was met by a black boy, seemingly to be eighteen years of age, tall and slender.

“Doctor, I am glad to see you. I met you at Rockport. Do you remember me?” “Yes, I remember your face. Now, I cannot help but tell you, although you keep it to yourself, for it may not be so. I heard the white people said that they were going to break your neck just as soon as you made your appearance in lower Mississippi.”

“Why, my brother, that cannot be, because I belong to God, although I thank you for telling me. What are they wanting to kill me for?” “Well, I don’t know, though it is something they claimed that some Negroes told them that you are teaching the colored people down here.”

“You don’t know, then, what it was, do you?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, I know what I am teaching all the people. First: Is to love God with all of your heart, might and strength, and his neighbors as himself, and to do this he must be a good citizen by being temperate in all things, then be truthful and honest.

“My dear friend, if any white man on God’s green earth wants to kill a poor helpless Negro for trying to lecture and persuade his people to be better citizens in order that they may raise better boys and girls and prepare them for more trustier servants, teach them to stand for the right as God wants them, and not bow to wrongdoings, but die first.

“We want men and women and must have them, and if I am to die for the right I will have to die. So, good-bye, my boy, I don’t believe that any white man in the world would try to hurt me when he finds out that I am trying to teach my people to love the right and stick to it, then we will be able to save them from shame and ruin. By this time we will be able to raise sons and daughters.

“The Negro is trying to accuse me of wrong doing, but I am going to lecture right here today. Brother R., how are you?”

“I am all right, Doctor, how are you?”

“I am well, thank you.”

“Have you met the pastor?”

“No, sir, I have not.”

“Come right in. I am an officer here, feel welcome just as though you were at your home church.

“Doctor, I have heard of your wonderful lecture at other places. Glad to have you with us. Rev. H., meet Doctor Lester, from New Orleans.”

“Oh, Doctor, how do you do? I am more than glad to meet such a wonderful lecturer as you are. You shall speak to my congregation at this service.”

“Thank you, Reverend.”

“My dear members and friends, I take great pleasure in introducing to you one of the greatest colored orators on the American soil, whom I hope that you will gladly receive him as your speaker for this occasion.”

Rev. H. took his seat. The congregation arose to their feet to extend to me a welcome.

I congratulated the worthy pastor upon having such a refined audience. My subject was: “How are you spending your life before your sons and daughters? Are you living for Christ?” Only a few of us want our boys and girls to be saints. Oh, how strange it is that you chew, smoke, dip, and drink all kinds of intemperate drinks, get drunk, come home, curse, swear and fight your wife, and still want the children to be saints. Is this not strange? Then, again, you will buy rum and sell it to a minor or anybody, you that will not turn you up for violating the law by unlawful retailing, that old drug that has filled many a prison with our sons and daughters. It has taken our money and filled the city treasury, and even has caused us to turn our backs on our best friends. Rum will cause one to act shamefully upon the public highway and bring discredit upon their good name which will last all through life. Whiskey has brought some of our noblest sons and daughters to everlasting shame and disgrace.

There are men and women today in the penitentiary caused by the influence of whiskey, and it will carry you, too, if you do not let it alone. How can you have the heart to buy whiskey when your wife is sick and needs the care of a physician? Your children need clothes and shoes and you yourself are poorly clad and living in a rented house in the city—no home of your own, no cow, no horse, neither a decent bed in the house, very little food for your family.

Oh, man, what can you promise yourself? Only a short life, and after death a devil's hell will be your everlasting portion. Working a share crop and stealing everything that you can get your hands on from the Negroes that are trying to have something, and selling in order to buy whiskey. Oh, what a pity that such a man was ever in the world!

How are you spending your life before your sons and daughters? Are you for Christ? If so, be a hero, never surrender to the wrong, but die first.

Oh, preacher, will you be for temperance? Ask rum. Has he ever educated a man to go as a missionary to any of the foreign lands to tell the story of a risen Savior? He would say at once that that was out of his line of business.

Were you to ask whiskey if he ever built a church for God, he would answer no, I am a worker for the devil. I will come into your church and make a disturbance, and take your deacons, stewards, class leaders, trustees, elders or even your preacher, and make they lay in the hog wallows of the streets of the city.

Not only that, I will bring down princes and kings. I am powerful when I get my influence over you. Oh, whiskey, who are you? I am a co-worker with the devil, create robbers, gamblers, thieves and murderers.

Now my brethren, I have told you a few things about whiskey. I have tried to interest you upon that subject, on account of the power which has damaged this section

of the country and has brought shame and disgrace upon a civilized community, that is just five miles from here. Even the white people have not been able to have preaching in fifteen or twenty years at night. The cause of which was whiskey. What a pity. Never heard of such a shame in any community for men to allow such a thing to be done. You need not ask me why is it that it seems that the time has come when we cannot raise a good boy or a girl.

Think of your past life. They are just as you are, only a little improvement as the world grows wiser. You must be men and women in deeds of valor, in order to grow a boy or a girl that will be able to stand the temptations of this world.

Don't steal, but be honest; don't lie, be truthful; don't drink, be temperate, and the world will miss you when you are gone. Be a hero for Christ. God bless you all. Amen.

Rev. Hasda—Doctor Lester will lecture here again on tomorrow.

CHAPTERS XII.

Now, my lecture is over. (Cheers from all parts of the church, from both saints and sinners).

“Doctor, you come and go home with me.”

“Thanks to all for your invitations, though if anyone wishes to see me, you can find me at Brother and Sister Rogers’.”

The congregation is now dismissed.

So off to the home of my newly-made friends. There I was made welcomed and honored as a King. Mr. R. being a Mason and a Woodman, Brother R., I said to him,

“Do you know there met me on the church ground to-day a boy who told me in his way that the white people of this vicinity were getting up a mob to hang me.”

“Doctor, do you mean that he said to hang you. Why, I don't believe it, although a few years ago a Negro got

mad with one and had the white people to kill several Negroes before they found out that the Negro had lied on his race. What is there to kill you for?"

"Something that I am teaching my people."

"Where did you do this talk at?"

"At Rock Port."

My brother said, "Brother, I don't believe there is a man on earth that would hurt a man like you.

"Brother R., I am going to put my trust in God and I am going to stay here and do my best for these people. The world must feel me, as well as hear me, for I intend to live for Christ's kingdom sake."

"My brother, if you are rooted and grounded in Jesus you are safe."

"Pocahontas, a wild Indian, saved Capt. John Smith's life, and she was only a girl. So I am going to Jesus, who has the reins of death and the keys of the bottomless pit in His hands. Oh, blessed Jesus, so this may be true. I am going to my Lord with it. He is able to save. The Lord saved Daniel, the three Hebrew children, John on the Isle of Patmos, and I know that He can save a black man, though they tell me I am in hell. I will trust Him who snatched a man from the belly of hell. To bed to rest from my labor. Good night."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Good morning, Brother Lester. A fine and glorious morning. How are you this morning, my friend and brother?"

"Why, Brother Rogers, I never rested better in all my life, knowing that I was in a Christian home and being protected by the angels of the Lord."

"Doctor, your lecture was on my mind all the night—that

advice which you gave to our people admonishing them to be true men and women. I will try each day of my life to get closer to the Lord. You have certainly stirred me from the depth of my heart. I trust that all men and women have felt that it is time to stop talking but do something for fallen humanity.

“We want to let the white people of the South see and feel that there is a reality in the black man’s religion. The only thing that you can exercise in this land is your religious gift. So let us praise God everywhere and anywhere and before anybody. By so doing the world will see whose side that we are on.

“Let us stand up for Christ and the upbuilding of His kingdom until death. My brother, I never surrendered to Satan nor his imps.”

“Doctor, I am with you.”

“Brother Rogers, invite others to Christ by the way you live.”

One of my white friends said to me: “Doctor, I heard you at Rock Point, two of the greatest lectures that I ever heard from any man. I hold diplomas from two of the leading schools of the East, and I know when a man is saying something. Thank you, kind sir, for your honored compliments. I have noticed you every time I lectured in this vicinity you were there. Yes, I love a true man, regardless to color, a man that can do the people good.

“You are worth more than every preacher in this country to these people.”

“Maybe that your words are too strong, Mr. H.”

“Well, I mean just what I say.”

“Well, I hope that I can do something to better the way of living among my people of America, of the world, I mean, Mr. H., all of the people.”

“Now, Doctor, I want to say to you, two Negroes have told the white people that you are here in this country teaching the colored people to rise up against the white people and kill them, so I have been told. I don’t know whether it is true or not, but I will find out today and will tell you all about it.”

“Thank you, kind sir,” I replied.

I can’t believe that the white people could believe such, for you know that every time I lectured I have nearly as many whites as colored. I am a man for God, and if a man is leaning that way we are together; if not, why, he is not my man. I am only trying to save my people, and make them better for the world’s sake.

CHAPTER XVI.

So I am going right out to work for God. If I am lynched I will report to God. Why?

The words of a strange white man:

“Say, Doctor, did you know that the white people are getting up a mob to hang you today? A black man told me just as I was leaving Mr. H.’s.”

“No, I did not know it.”

“Well, now, listen: They had a meeting on the matter yesterday at the white church, and that large crowd of white men that went out there were the missionaries to see if you got here on yesterday. So I don’t know what they are going to do. But they have sworn to hang you.”

“Well, my brother, white men killed Christ because He was for the right. How could I escape? Thank you, I must lecture there once more before I die, if Jesus says so.”

And to the church I went, not believing a word that I had heard.

I was introduced to the congregation. I met them with a smile as usual and the past had gone from me like a shadow.

My dear congregation, it affords me no small degree of

pleasure to have the honor to try in my weak way to convey to you an intelligent message this morning with so many visitors of a race that is now the fathers of the civilization of this, the Western Continent.

When this country was wrapped and bound in ignorance over all of this whole earth I saw the white man in my imagination land at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, and began to fight the wilds of ignorance with intelligence, and the strength of Ajax. And the same is a hard fight to this day. So today, while the white man forgets the Indian wrapped in all of his sneaking ways, but while he is trying to conquer the Indian I heard the whistle or the noise of the bell on the ship in the year 1619 that had just sailed from Africa, the old bell in her voice, or way, was saying, "Slaves, slaves, slaves," as she came into port.

There the black man saw or had for the first time in life a chance to prove his generous tact and gift from God to the American fathers. The Negro in a short while showed to the white man that he meant to be true and loyal to every trust, and from his gentle way he made such an impression upon the white race that they began to see that it was wrong to enslave the Negro; and they soon began to give the Negro his rights and freedom.

Mr. George Washington, the first President of the United States, saw that the Negro was such a hero on the battlefields of the Revolutionary war that he freed his slaves, and others of the North did the same. Finally the spirit of the East and the North soon spread over the country, and being so between the white brothers, that they in the South found the Negro the greatest advantage on the plantations of all improvements on God's earth.

So the white man of the South decided that was what the black brother was made for. First, because it takes sunshine for cotton; second, it takes outdoor exercise for the black man, then the white man has declared that to put a white cotton suit of clothes on a Negro in the fall of the year, put him in a white cotton field and let the

cotton be opened from top to bottom, and this Negro there laboring and toiling for himself and the good white man.

He makes the painted picture of such a nature that can be esteemed by any Southerner or any citizen of America. Why? First, because the Negro is prepared with brain and muscles to fill any vocation of life. Oh, what a being!

So I shall say to the colored people today in the presence of the white brother of the South: In the beginning God made Adam and finally made Eve from these two—one man and woman—all races sprang, if the Bible be true, which I believe. Do you?

“Yes, yes,” was the answer.

Now, my black brother, for two hundred years or more you made the living for the able white brother, so you were black, slick and greasy then, so you have got to continue so, if you stay anywhere on earth, where he can even hear of you. (Laughter and applause).

Today every Negro in America is willing, if he has the right mind, to thank the Lord for his coming to this country, although he has served as a slave, which was a disgrace to civilization. But he must now acknowledge to the truth that all of his worth as a citizen and knowledge of God, and his first lesson was from the white man.

But today the Negro can say though you have deprived me of the ballot which rules the government of the South, but I am glad to know that my race or the Negro man was once in the U. S. Senate, Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi, and was Registrar of the U. S. Treasury. So you took the ballot box and carried it away and told the Negro that you would exchange your land, money, fine churches, high schools, and other comforts of life and a good name, for the ballot box exchange.

Sir, the Negroes of Mississippi took the white man's money and opened twenty banks, built a town, oil mill, fine gins of modern style, comfortable homes out of log

cabins to stone building, have thousands of acres of land and money to buy more. Fifty years of freedom to the Negro has made a wonderful improvement upon his welfare and intelligence that he would never have gained elsewhere but in the South, the garden spot of the world.

We have had a steady eye upon you (the white) as a living model for others to work by.

Now, to the white brothers of the South, we thank you for your clothing us when we were naked; feeding us when we were hungry; and giving us shelter when we had no homes. God bless the Southern white man that has been our friend. Brothers, stand by him and for his protection, for all this is his. The Southern white man promised the Negro an honest deal, which some give. Again, I say to the white man, that the Negroes thank you, in which you have sold us our homes, giving time and a liberal interest on borrowed money. We thank you for helping us on our churches with your thousands of dollars; we are able to put on these tall steeples, that point to man, telling him that the only safe way is to go up, up.

Again, we thank God for such men as those who never say a good word for the Negroes, though his cook, nurse, coachman, and those around him are Negroes. His dirty clothes are washed by a Negress, and his living is made by the muscles of a Negro. So I say to the Negroes of the world, God said to love one another regardless of the unjust laws and the fines that the courts impose upon you and our race for nothing in matters or cases that are frivolous. Pay your fines, work out the days and love the white man just the same for God will sooner or later right everything.

Dear white friends, the old Negro obeyed his master because he freed him, and he was the law, though today the young Negro obeys in honor of all the good things you have done for his race. Then we ask for the protection of the law in the right and of the white people of this great country.

I am in favor of you good white people having all the Negro servants that you need, but I am frank in my convictions if you were not a good man to me, you could not get my services nor support. I would be afraid of you, and I would stay as far from you as I could. A great many colored people want to go North, some out West, some to Heaven, and a few mean ones soon go to hades and there to be with the devil and all other mean individuals who went to impose upon the helpless. I say this because it is right. There are only two sides to any question, and that is the right side and the wrong side, the good and the bad.

To my colored friends I would say that the North is a fine country, the West is a fine country, but the South is the finest of all. This is the place for everybody that wants to prosper and do well. God is everywhere, and He has promised to be your protector if you are right with Him. Is your heart right with God? If so, no mob, no storm, no fire, no wild beasts, no serpents, no man, can hurt you. Stay where you are, rent the land, buy the homestead, work on the halves or for wages, but the thing in this life is to see that your heart is right with God.

Pray for your enemies and love them, stick to the man who is your friend in the time of need. Who fed you when hungry, clothed you when clothless, gave you a home when homeless? The Southern white man. Remember this, and tell him and mean it. The farmer may come, but I am at home to stay. Stop sending your money out West to buy land when there are millions of acres of land here at home that you can buy just as cheap and you don't own a foot of it. Shame on you.

Why don't you poor Negroes learn to stay in the country and raise your children right, instead of moving into the dirty and filthy places of our towns and cities, where your children have the toughest of the tough lower class of the degraded set with whom to associate? I want to know if you can raise anything besides thieves, murderers, drunkards and prostitutes surrounded with such a class for your beloved ones to associate.

When we were all in the country we raised such men as

I. T. Montgomery, John R. Lynch, E. W. Lampton, E. L. Lackey, E. E. Pettebone, H. R. Revels, and a thousand of others. Why not stay where you can make a living and learn your children to work in the place of loafing? Do you know that on one acre of land near Gulfport, Miss., a man made nine hundred dollars in one year truck farming? You can make more than that, because this was a white man. You know how a Negro can work.

Stay in the country, surround your home with such enjoyments that will make your children happy. Fix up the fences, renew the outhouses, whitewash or paint your home, feed and water your stock, in order that they may look like a big Negro's property, then buy an instrument of some kind for the home, and have your children learn to play and to sing, for there is no place like sweet home. Yes, home, sweet home.

By this you will learn to be kind and sweet to your family and your children will love home. How can you leave these beautiful churches and cemeteries that are filled with your loved ones that once spent many a happy day with you and these pretty homes and friends to go to a far country and among strangers to spend the remainder of your life in misery and grief to see them behind you?

You are forever thinking of home, the devil is everywhere, but you must see to it that your heart is right with God; if so, stand your ground and fear no evil, for God will make your enemies your friends, and your hindrances your stepping stones to success and glory.

Now, dear people, love one another, stand up, dear friends, for the right and die before you will surrender to the wrong. I pray that all confusion of this country will end from this time on and that all hearts will be filled with love and sweet peace abide with us all now and forever, is the earnest prayer of thy servant. Amen. (Cheers and a general hand-shaking from the whites and high compliments).

At 3 o'clock p.m. I was called upon at once by Rev. H., the pastor, in a frightful manner.

“Oh, Doctor,” he said, “there is something wrong here. There are four or five hundred white men with guns and ropes out here in order to adjust a matter with you. O, brother, what are you going to do about it?”

“Why, my dear preacher, there is only one thing to do about it, and that is to put my trust in God. Wait one moment. I will see a white friend of mine.”

“Do you know any of these men?”

“No, but I belong to God, and He will make a friend for me.” I turned from him.

I looked and saw a crowd of white men standing near me, and I said to two of them: “Gentlemen, let me speak to you,” and they consented. We walked off. I said to them: “I am a stranger here, but I am not a stranger to a good many of your race. I have many men of your race who are my friends.”

“Who are they?”

“Dr. B. F. Ward, W. B. Kelly, Ed Loggins, C. H. and H. Aldridge, W. S. Webster, banker; J. B. Small, banker; W. L. Huntley, marshal; J. K. Vardaman, and ten thousands of others in Mississippi.

“These men, gentlemen, you can phone and see and find out as to who I am. What is the trouble?”

“Well, said that good man, Mr. Hayes, whom I will always love, “I don’t know you, but I believe that you are all right. There has been a Negro boy, who lives with Mr. Love he heard you lecture and professed religion, joined the church and came straight home, and his conversion was a lie, I believe.

“He said that you had a meeting while at Rock Point and was teaching the Negroes down there to rise up against the white people, kill all of their men and take their wives.”

“To whom did he say that I told that to, gentlemen?”

“He said that he saw you and a real black Negro standing out in front of the church and that he heard you tell this Negro these words.”

“Now, gentlemen, I must say that I never heard of

such a thing before in all of my life. I am a Christian that my people are supporting. I have some of my lectures which you can read for your own benefit, and there you will know what kind of stuff that I am teaching my people."

"Bring me one."

So I did.

"Wait one moment. Oh, I guess that you promised to be with me in the time of trouble. I pray for that time to come even to my rescue this very moment."

I went to my wagon where my suitcase was and took from it two of my books which contained my lectures and handed them to two of the men.

"Now, gentlemen, if any one wants to know any more, tell them that I would gladly answer them at this moment."

I heard some one say, "Good evening."

I answered and turned around and said, "Good evening," and the next moment a revolver, a 38 or 44-special was thrown into my face. Death seemingly to be at this moment, a voice—"consider yourself under arrest."

"All right, sir," was my reply."

"What have you got?"

"Nothing, sir, but an honest name," was my answer."

"Well, search him, Mr. Loyd." So he did.

"For what, gentlemen?"

"For your advice to the negroes."

"All right, sir, I am ready to go if that is my lot. I had better carry my suit case, so should I never get back, they will not have anything of mine." So we went through the great crowd of people and my audience during the morning service of my lecture.

Many had become devoted to me and I could see sorrow

on their brows and tears began to fall from their eyes and as I walked away, I said, "The world once had Paul, Silas, John, Peter and our Blessed Savior Jesus Christ. This was all the consolation I had, saying if there is no cross there is no crown."

When we had got out of sight of the congregation, I said: "Oh, Lord, I trust my life in your hands. Save me if such be thy holy will."

I did not know here I was going. All of the consolation that I had was Mr. H——, who said, just as the man said, "Good evening," and arrested me.

"The mob is on," is all that I could say. "I don't know what the end will be."

I looked down the road and saw two hundred men with guns waiting for the black coon. I walked up to the crowd, stopped and sat my suit case down. I was too hot to be afraid.

"Good evening, gentlemen."

Then answered, "Good evening. Quite a good number. This is nothing; the men that are going to hang you are in the bottom. This is only a few," and I found it true.

The blood-thirsty mob, I mean as they had been recommended to me. One said, "I am going to have that ring." Another said, "I am going to have that watch;" another, the chain; another the scarf pin; another said, "I am going to have that hand, toe," and so on.

I said, "Gentlemen, just before I die I want to make a will, as I am not broke and you all want a remembrance of a hero, and as I am at the mercy of an angry mob, it is for good only that I make this request. I will give these things to those who want them."

"Good evening, gentlemen, quite a crowd indeed. I never saw so many men with arms before in all of my life, and all of these are for the life of one helpless, poor, humble Christian gentleman, who is helpless and has no

friends but Jesus. So, my kind friends, I congratulate you for your kindness thus far. No one has been haughty or mistreated me. Now, gentlemen, I hope to have the privilege of speaking to you in my own way and declare the truth and the truth only, as this is the day for me to be hung, as I now see the rope on that horse's saddle, that it is sir, only a few things to ask of you. First, I consider that I am a man; second; that I am a human being and have feelings and a soul to be saved as well as you. Then remember what you "sow, you shall also reap," not only that, but more.

"My life is now in your hands, and you can do just what you wish, but if you kill me this evening, some day you will have to appear before a living God, and your hands will be stained with an innocent man's blood, and God says, 'Thou shalt not kill.' I am here even without a knife or a pin with which to scratch you.

"I am trying to teach my people to do God's bidding, and I am not giving the white man a thought, believing them to know what is right and would act accordingly. I am here today with a clean heart, not taught against any living being on earth.

"Wait. Don't you know that you told a negro that you had things fixed to kill the white men? Mister, wait. Allow me to say this: What could the Negro do if it was not for the white man? Where does the negro get his food and clothing? Year in and year out he looks to you, for he never has any money very long at a time. But he always has a friend from whom he can get what he needs, and that is the white man. Do you think that he would be foolish enough to fill his own well when the water is good? Why, gentlemen, I never had such an idea in all of my life. Never heard of such a thing before. I am frank in saying to you that if any man or woman would come to me with any such stuff you would never have

the time to call seventy-five men together on a Sunday and hear the statement of a dirty, thieving, good-for-nothing scoundrel, everything but clean and truthful. He is a dirty negro buzzard. Who would tell a story like that. That man ought to be killed, and I would do that myself in the defense of saving many other negroes' lives. What could the negroes do with the white men? Haven't you got everything in your possession? The men who don't mind killing a fellow, at any time of the day or night, so what is there for the negro but death should he start anything?

"Kind sirs, agree with me and let all voices go up in one accord, saying, loose him and let him go; which I will declare to you that I am only for the right. A voice, 'What did you tell them to do for one another?' I told the negroes to learn to love one another and to be true to their trust and stop lying on one another because one had a little more wealth or brains or stood better in the community or seems to raise a more respectable family than yours.

Then set in to have him killed or run out of the country by telling lies on him to the white people, then you may move on the plantation owned by a Negro and you go there to close him out; he will not half work, they want to go to town every day in the week and buy for the whole family like a millionaire; they want to eat equal to the landlord, then ride off to see the sick nearly every night, except when you are and can't ride, then they will have and must have the sisters to come.

When Christmas comes and you haven't got anything, done spent all of your money and what you made, you will swear and tell some white man that I am done with the Negro, I worked hard this year with old Ike, and he brought me out in debt.

"How many men in your family, Bill?"

"Only ten of us, outside of me and the old lady and grand-dad."

“How much cotton did you make—fifteen or twenty bales of cotton?”

“No, sir. I made four bales of cotton, three loads of corn.”

“What was the matter? The man you were living with made twenty-one bales of cotton and plenty of corn.”

“Yes, sir, but that Negro works night and day.”

“I want to say this to you, old darkey—everything on my plantation gets the gun.”

“Boss, I can get it, too.”

Now, my friends, we must quit this and be men. Whenever we see a Negro trying to do something in the financial world, let us all go behind him and push with all our forces, just as the white man does his race.

Try to make him a millionaire if you can, then live a clean life before your children, and then some day your son or daughter may marry in this man's family and then you will be a rich Negro, too, and another big Negro. See how easy it is to help one another.

All we have to do is to stick together and be honest, and we will have lots of money, men in our own race. Don't try to tear each other down, but build each other up is the thing to do. Then when you have a moment to spare think of the old standard bearer that stood by you when you were without food, or shelter. Who was he? The white man.

Never forget him, love him, honor him, with true politeness. If he don't use his, you use yours. He will soon decide that he can't afford for the Negro to have more manners and politeness than himself, and the next time that you meet him he will speak. Then, again, I told the colored to stand to the white man that stood by him in the time of peril and sore danger.

“Now, gentlemen, that is what I said as near as I can remember, and now my life is in your hands. It is up to you as to whether I live or die, yet there is one more thing

that task of you—it is to put yourself in my place, teaching your people to do all the good that they can to all men, stand up for the right, and never at any time surrender to the wrong, but die first. Then think, a dirty man of your race would be so bitterly against the right, that he would try to get you killed by lying on you, then after you do, those as a Christian gentleman, then if you would desire death to be the penalty for trying to make your people honest, truthful and loyal citizens, why, I say hang me by that rope today.

“Though if you think that you ought to live on to continue to teach the right, why, your life will be a wreck and your farms will be barren. Sickness will be in your families, disgrace will enter the homes, shame will be the lot of your children, and your hearts will be made to bleed as my mother’s will when she hears of my going to glory from the hands of a heartless mob.

“God has promised to let you receive what you give. How can you as spotless Anglo-Saxons have the heart to take the life of a poor innocent man who is only for the right,”

There was a doctor from Mississippi. God bless that man, for he wiped his hands and walked away. Many followed him, but it did no good.

“My hands will never be stained with that man’s blood. Mr. H. said he told you all that he was all right.”

Then another good man said: “I told you all that he was a man of note. I heard him lecture at P. R. each time he was there.”

Up jumped a little Negro-hater and drew his gun on me in the shape of a club. “I will knock your brains out,” he said. I asked him what I had done to him.

“You threw your hands close to my face.”

“Pardon me, mister. Why, I wouldn’t mistreat you and any other man that was helpless for nothing in the world, though I would do all I could to see that he got

justice. Then a voice comes from the crowd saying:

“Put down that gun and get away from so close to him, then he will not hit you.”

“Thank you, my kind sir,” was my answer.

The justice of the peace comes, and he is all right. No fault can be found of him.

“Where are the brother Masons, Woodmen and Pythians? You had better get up here around your brothers.”

Some one asked, “Are you a Mason?”

“Yes, sir, indeed I am.”

At this moment some one asked, “Can you climb one of those trees out there?”

My reply was, “I used to be an expert climber, when a boy, and I think really that I could climb now if in case of necessity.”

“This is business and not foolishness,” was the voice of some one. “He is a worthy and brave man and he must be treated right.”

“Thank you, sir. May you live long and have all of the comforts of life.”

A voice said: “I wish that half of this large crowd of 500 men were half as good as you are. Now, you are a free man and have the friendship of these men who have come here to take your life. You have changed their minds and have made them your friends. God must be with you. The only request that we ask of you is that we want to lecture for the good of this country, now and at any other time that you may see fit. You are welcome, and have all these men’s protection. So, Doctor, feel safe, for we all are with you. and we are going to give that Negro a lesson which will last him the balance of his life. We are going to put a stop to the Negroes lieing on each other and causing trouble in our country. The Negroes lied on each other and caused three or four men to be killed a few miles from here several years ago. So we are going to put a stop to these rumors before they de-

velop some serious trouble. Will you lecture to us before you go?"

"I will."

A voice was heard in the crowd to say, "Give lieing Negroes h—."

"I will do all that I can for that class."

"Now, we are going to show you that we are not as mean to you as you thought. We are going to carry you back to the church and to your people (three or four on each side a great number behind me). So they delivered me to the church, saying, "He is all right, and has proven himself to be a great Christian worker."

"He has made friends with us all," said one voice.

"Indeed, he is the greatest Negro living," said another.

"Look for us on tomorrow."

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you, a thousand times I thank you."

I pray God's blessings upon all of you. Amen.

A mob found me on August the 23rd at God's Church, where I had gone to lecture in the defense of right. The church was well filled to its utmost and around the church for quite a distance were vehicles, wagons and ox-carts, the conveyances of the people who had come to hear the man lecture that was to have been mobbed yesterday. Everywhere I looked I could see people of every description, color and age.

I was introduced by the pastor, Dr. H., a kind and Christian gentleman and one of the best prepared ministers of Mississippi. He is loving, kind and true to all, and believes in the advice of the Scripture, to be careful as to how you treat a stranger. The doctor will not turn you away, but will certainly give you a chance. I hope to see Brother H. some day to be known in all of the lands as a model Christian gentleman, for the narrow-minded, begrudging Negro leaders to use in shaping their lives before the races that are now living and for those that are to follow.

The Doctor has plenty wealth, but not like you, high-

mindful, but humble, that is to be a leader. You can't drive people to be kind and expect for them to follow you to Jesus. I hope to see this man some day in some high-honored office, helping the world as Drs. Boyd, Penn and others who are competent for leadership. You will make no mistake in trying them, for they are among the good. That is what we need—men.

MY TALK NEXT DAY TO MY MOB AND FRIENDS.

Dear church and congregation, this is like the dedication of the Washington monument on Bunker Hill. Never saw so many people in the country before in my life, a thousand (seemingly) voices. Neither have I thought as Dr. Hardy has said, I am the black man that is to entertain you at this hour. I have never had such experience in all of my life as I have had since being in South Mississippi, but I am going to try and instruct you for a short while.

I have had a pleasant trip and visit in your homes, but there is one place which I visited, with its surroundings, I did not enjoy, though it is only a lesson for me. The theme of my discourse will be: "Is Your Heart Right With God?" To have your heart right with God is, first: You have got to be and prove yourself a man by loving one another with that brotherly love and affection of a man, then you are willing to stand up for the right and you will not surrender to wrong, on any grounds: but you would have all men to know that they are when you have the chance to let them know what side you are on. Is your heart right? Have you a clean heart? One that makes you honest, not steal that which belongs to your fellowman, but that which is truly yours. Is that the kind of a heart you have?

A heart that will make you love and pray even for your enemies and visit him in time of trouble. Have the heart that will make you tell the truth and not lie on your neighbors, your strongest friends nor enemies. How is your heart with God? Have you that heart that will en-

able you not to carry pistols, knucks, razors and other weapons with which to fight in a Christian and a civilized, well-protected country by the good lawmakers of Mississippi.

Have you the heart that will make virtue, temperance, truthfulness and honesty and a good name above all names? Oh, my good people, how are your hearts with God? Are your hearts of such a nature that you are willing to do unto others as you would have them do unto you? Do you love the words of the Scripture, where it says that you shall reap what you sow? We ought to be very particular how we live and how we treat people. You may rob me of my good name, which will cause my heart to bleed, but it will come back on you some day.

I was happily received by the congregation which I left heart-broken, brothers and sisters, to see one of the members of their race led away, from his beloved, to be among enemies and hurried to his end by a mob, thirsty for a Negro's blood, to be swallowed up by the earth. Oh, my friends, have you ever been led away by a mob? Telling you every step that your life is over, and that you can't escape and that you must die?

Then all among strangers, too, though if you are for Christ, He will be with you as He was with me. Don't put confidence in man, but put your trust in God and He will save you. God will not let your enemies touch you. When you are lied upon by a heartless, dirty, begrudging and hell-deserving Negro, an ape in principle, the meeting was stopped that evening and all walked, watched and prayed, that my life might be spared. Two or three hundred prayers went up to glory, asking God in a few moments to save me. So His Son, Jesus Christ, came to my rescue at once, and brought a legion of angels to fight my battles. So be true, and God will protect you if you will only be worthy. Dear brethren and sisters, I am here once again.

"Oh, my God, my God," cried a number of voices, "how did you escape? My Jesus was there. I shall never forget this time, day, place and these men, who had planned

to kill me, and Jesus sent His army in order that I might not get hurt, though I have made friends in this part of the land.

On tomorrow let us have a glorious day, "sing and shout praises to God from who all blessings flow." Here are Brother and Sister Rodgers, who are waiting for me. I am to go to their home.

"Oh, Doctor, were you afraid?"

"No time to be afraid, that was a business time."

"Why, I would have died had it been me," some said.

And you will be only reaping what you have sown. Then, again, my dear white friends, though my people lied on me in order to get me killed, just because I told them the truth, and how can we lie and expect to see God's face in peace?

Gentlemen, I do not want the Negro killed, but I do believe that a light brushing might do them good, and I say to you as I am a Negro and know a great deal about my race. Now, do not misquote me, what I said, thinking that I said that I know all about the Negro, for I do not, and no one else save God. And I expect that He is put at a test at times in order to see after the Negro and His angels.

I want to warn you white people of the brutal-minded, hell-deserving Negro who is the one that hangs around your back door grinning, and every time that he gets a chance he has a great deal to tell you on some other Negro. Oh, white man, you who have stood by me in these ordeals, this is to your interest to get the secrets, which I am going to open to you, and you send the same to your friends to the end of the earth.

Listen, the Negro that is always grinning and comes and tells you everything that happens to his people is no friend to you. He is only trying to get your confidence in order that he can get a chance to steal something, the Negro that you can hire to tell lies and bribe other Negroes that same Negro can be hired to burn your dwellings and barns.

The Negro that can be persuaded to get our women and girls to come to your command, the same dirty rascal will

attempt assault upon your best women. The Negro that will come to you and tell you a lie, that I never thought or would allow any man to come on any man in this world and take his life, or do him an injury at all, why, that Negro will try this when you are asleep. So you had better get rid of him if you have to do so even by foul means.

These principles are laying mighty heavy upon his mind and he is a bad Negro and will not do. So you may look out for horses to be stolen and a great damage to be done by this class of Negroes. He has a heart to desire a white companion. I am almost in favor of killing him now, for I and all other true Negroes of the South love our own pretty yellow, brown, dark, black and chocolate-colored good women.

God bless the words spoken. We are all pleased. God has blessed us and has given us all colors, just as Joseph's coat was, and all kinds of hair and eyes. What more do we want? White? I would not be anything else but a black man as I am, for the Issue has done the Negro as much good as the good truthful writings of Dr. B. F. Ward when he began telling you of his experiences of over half a century with just such a class of no account Negroes.

Some of you have read your own doings and have refrained from them. God bless such men that are something to their race. Men like Moses and Lincoln, who were bent on doing something to better the Negro's condition by reforming his social and religious propensities. Such men are not your enemies, though they never say anything good. Why, because you do so many bad ones. You don't give them time. May both the Issue and Dr. Ward live and enjoy the blessings prepared for them even from the foundation of the world.

To the white people I would say that the Southern Negro only wants a fair and an honest treatment and we are willing to forever stay at home and let the north be the north, the west the west, but we will stay in the south, where we like the best. You know that we opened up this wilderness, builded these beautiful roads, streets and this beautiful mansion for your sons and daughters to enjoy.

There are nearly 2,000 convicts of my race that employs over 100 of your race to keep them steadily employed. A man in each county of his state has the oversight of the prisoners of my race that are habitual law-breakers. Then my race works your streets, my race enjoys being your servants, they love to bring in the bales of cotton for you in the fall of the year. My race loves for you to be kind to him. My people want you to accept his friendship as a citizen and a humble servant of yours, and he wants you to prove that you are his friend by the kindly and friendly way which you have treated him.

As my time is out I shall only thank this great audience which I have spoken to for one and a half hours for your many praises and honored greetings. My last words are let each one see, if not so, that your heart is right with God. May you love one another, and the strong may not oppose the weak. God bless each of you collectively and individually. Amen.

(Cheers, cheers, and a general hand-shaking.)

My donation from this vicinity at large was over \$400. Once my enemies, though now my friends. Pray that all men may obey the law and enforce the law. This gives to all men a fair and impartial trial by the law, then you are right.

A FEW MOMENT'S TALK TO WOMEN'S WORK— THE BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF GOD.

God wants us to be useful to Him, with our invisible inabilities. Then it is said. "I will not write the law no more on tables of stone, but will write it on your hearts and stamp it in your mind." So we see that God has used the minds of men as mediums through which to convey messages or His will, by writing the messages on the heart, sealing and stamping it in the mind. The stamp is a right of authority, so anything that the mind brings to you that hasn't got God's stamp upon it, you may know that it doesn't belong to you. Yes, you may know it doesn't belong to you, and if you take it you have no right to it, because it was not accompanied by the stamp or spirit of God. Now, brethren, God has always used the heart and mind of men for His purpose, since the mind will go out beneath the silvery shines of the moon, and under the twinkling rays of the stars and in sweet and golden shadow of the sun, and there take its seat under the neighboring hilltop and surround itself with objects of attraction, visible and invisible, and launch out through the sky with all its beauty and hails at the beautiful gates of Zion, and meet the co-operation of a heavenly union and there commune with God, our Father, and God made known his will which the mind, when again reunited with the body was made known to the church. Therefore I claim that God made known His will to the church by inspiration, which was conceived in the mind of the prophets, forever happy, in the full enjoyment of Christ. Oh, Blessed Lord, grant that in the great and dreadful day when Christ shall come to judgment and when we must all appear before His tribunal gate, that we may be found at your right hand and hear Him say to us, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." May God bless you. Amen.

THE POWER OF KNOWING.

Among the variety commodities which attracts the attention of mankind there is one thing of more value than

all others—a principle which if once possessed would greatly assist in obtaining all other things worth possessing, whether it was power, wealth, riches, honors, thrones or dominions. Comparatively only a few have ever possessed it, although it was within reach of many others, but they were not aware of it, or did not know its value. It has worked wonders for the few that have possessed—some it enabled to escape from drowning, while every soul who did not possess it was lost in the mighty deep. Others it saved in famine, although thousands perished all around them. By it men have been raised from poverty to the throne of empires. By the possession of it, it raised men from a dungeon to a palace. Those that possessed it were delivered from the fire flames, whilst the whole city was burned, and every other soul perished but they that had in their possession the knowing.

“Oh, horrors!” will you ask, “What is it? What can that thing be? Inform me, and I will purchase it at the sacrifice of all my earthly possessions.”

The thing I am talking about is foreknowledge—a knowledge of things to come. Shine on, wisdom and knowledge, as the light on a hill.

We explore regions unknown to mankind; we gaze upon opening glories as they present themselves on every side, and feast ourselves with knowledge which is calculated in its matters to enlarge the heart, to exalt the mind above the little grovelling things of the world, and to make one wise unto salvation. Let us ask Noah about foreknowledge (Gen., 6th chap., 17th verse); let's talk with Lott (Gen., 19th chap., 12-13th verses); read about Joseph in the land of Egypt, telling Pharoah his dream, Joseph going from the dungeon to the throne; Elijah's talk with Ahab.

There are others that I could have you to see what they say about foreknowledge, but I know this will convince you that all men haven't the same knowledge, so believe these sayings, for they are true. God bless you all.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE CAPITAL.

My Experience in Great Mississippi.

On a visit to the capital I witnessed the love and respect the people have for the leading Negroes as their friend. As I feel it my duty I shall try and write, that one great man may live even in the minds of unborn generations, hoping to see the day when the world may be full of such noble and strong men only for the right and won't bow to wrong. I found some of our strongest men of the race in the city in grief and sorrow over the death of a man that had stood in the defense of right to all, thinking who will be the next man that will speak in the defense of justice without fear or trembling, to all men. He is here today—President Wilson.

This was in the month of May, the 13th or 14th. It was the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His earthly home was Jackson, Miss. This great man has reached the end of the earth and gladdened the heavenly court by his presence. He was a friend to humanity.

No man's condition was so obscure or poor that he could not find a place in his heart for him. Many a heart was made glad by his presence and words of cheer. The lamp he kindled for his own way has given its flames to thousands of others. The words he spoke to and of me once in the presence of a score of strong-minded men linger with me today. The bishop asked: "Who will risk going to the hotel getting my grip for me?" Though the train was here I at once sprang to a trot, saying: "I will go." Being only a boy, but loved great men and pleasant faces and kind words, and when I returned the train was leaving the station, the good man on board. So I boarded the train and hurried to him with his grip. He looked in my eyes and said: "If you are not a white man, I never looked in the face of one," handing me a piece of money, which I kindly

refused. Then I said: "Kind sir, it pays me well to have the honor to carry your grip." He then smiled, handed me his hand and said: "God bless you." And God heard and answered that prayer. The words he spoke are still echoing in my life.

Many times this brave to lead, heroic to suffer and endure, would reach to my people in their humble churches and thank him gladly. His influence was confined neither to his own race nor church, but he was known as a power for good in all churches and among all people. He was loved, honored and praised wherever he went, but this never moved him—his heart was always bigger than his head.

His face is eternity and his residence creation. God lent this magnificent spirit to the earth, who was too noble and sublime of character to be flattered and too rich of soul to be purchased. His culture fitted him to minister to the most intellectual, while his practical skill in leadership made him bold enough to depart from traditions, when it seemed necessary, and to adopt means of effective value. He was a warrior who fought on the side of right and God.

At times some of his friends parted with him on some of the unpopular issues—the saloon and the Negro problem—but he stood firm, an inveterate to the saloon, a life-long friend to the Negro's cause, to education. He believed the Negro had a right to a fair chance; an even break; not favor, but a chance. His advice at all times was to a higher walk in life.

The Negro lost a great champion, the world a great sympathizing friend. He was born a great leader, because a splendid follower of Jesus. Ten million Negroes, men, women and children, mourn the loss of this man of God. Such men come to the earth by ones. We miss Bishop C. G. G., but will never forget him.

LECTURE ON RELIGION AND EDUCATION AT JACKSON.

To the People and For the Benefit of the People:

As I am now in your midst and see so many needs for the people. I will tell you of a great need that will lead to a higher and a better citizenship. My subject will be Christianity and Education.

To me it seems beyond all possibility I can meet the demand of today as an orator, but I am going to try to put my thoughts and some of my experiences in writing, God being my helper, that it may help some fallen man, woman or child to turn from shame and ruin, by seeing their mistakes in print and grow to noble man or womanhood.

That which should awaken this nation is to work for the advancement of God's kingdom. In my heart, to use this privilege, to the glory of Him in whose name all men ought to speak, the noble men that this is to be criticized by, that thought affects me very much in my beginning to write, but the great people will have sympathy for me, and will say you had to make a start in life. With this thought I will continue. If I could only give what my people need or deserve, of course my writing would merit enshrinement in the annals of immortal truth. Will you take these ideas for your consideration?

First, from the nature of Christianity; second, is the testimony upon which it is offered. The life of Christianity is love. All hearts are oppressed with feeling that the world is ajar, that nothing is complete, nothing perfect here. All hearts are yearning for the perfect, and so we are turning day by day from this thing to that, searching vainly for that which will or can fill the soul, and this is the apostle to the Gentiles, speaking of the glory which shall be unveiled in us, declares that the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. So the object of religion is not to rob you of pleasure, but to add to your life. Joy, oh,

why are we so far from home, seeking the pleasure of sin? The disciple declares he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him. Now, Christianity re-establishes the relation of love originally existed between God and man, and so brings us back to God. Oh, happy souls, you know that now your sins are forgiven. The happiest home on earth is that ruled by love. The happiest soul in that home is that one that loves most. Do you wish to know the fulness of joy? Go to God, who is love, and glory is in love, so you see though you are young, if you are a Christian your SOUL will be filled with joy. Revelations (chapter 8, verse 17) says I love them that love me, and them that seek me early shall find me. Also 1st Peter (1st chapter, 8th verse), Whom not having seen ye love, in whom though you now see him not, yet believing ye rejoice; so ye see this promise is to you. It is perfectly easy for the young to become Christians, for Solomon says. "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth." It is proven that religion is good for the young, so is education. There are three necessities to be noted here. What is education? Who should have it? How are they to have it? It is that force in the world that seems to idolize itself in the world, and especially in the mind of humanity, and its purpose is to draw out that which would most likely lead us astray. Education fills in nature that consoles our way. It takes from us the darkness of distrust, and shades in us a light of intellectuality and hope; it takes from us that IDLE disposition and fills in us a busy spirit of life. Why all people should be educated because it helps you to think right, act right, and do right. Education will enable you to think magnificently. We don't want to educate to play smart men and women, not to get positions and if not big places no place at all. No, that it not its object. If you want success in life don't escape the small opportunities, as being beneath your dignity, because you are educated, but have a yearning and passion for life that shall be rich and fruitful, of service to your fellowman in small things as well as large. Then when we have failed from the small engagements of life to the lofty height of intellectuality you can rejoice

with your comrades from the place from which you came.

Is the free school all we need by the opportunity the free school offers us? No, it cannot fill the long-felt need, or won't, for education among us. But as an honest people to our children we must tax ourselves and put our money into high schools where there are none, that our children in the rural district may have equal show with the children of the city. You want eight or nine months' school for your loved ones if it takes that to educate and train the mind while young. Then when strong in stature, strong in mind, that they can attain the temptable things of this life. By earnest study we will get each of you in the joyous springtime of life.

Now, I leave these last words. Commit your ways on the Lord, and He shall direct your path, not for the sake of angels, but for Him whose handiwork is seen in the firmament, who day by day dashes the evening sky with glory and makes the world a gallery of beauty. His hand will touch your life into loveliness and that life, redeemed, sanctified, glorified, shall be, I verily believe, the greatest art work by the greatest art master. Invest your money trying to save the young people. Then if they fail to heed you have done your duty and God will bless you as the free giver to the needy.

Thousands are starving for a chance to know the right way to true man and womanhood. The last but not the least, don't spare the rod and lose the child.

Educate the heart and hand and make men and women. May God help you.

IN NEW ORLEANS.

**Read This and Put the Seller and Maker To An End and
Save the Boys and Girls.—My Lecture In Defense of
Temperance In the South.**

Subject, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

In the first place, in this chapter the prophet compares the nation of Israel to a vineyard, planted by God, who

loved them with an everlasting love. He did everything possible for them, that they might bring forth the best fruit, obedience, righteous living, the beauty of holiness, joy, love, peace, and all the fruit of the spirit, intelligence, noble character and mission work among the nations. He placed them in the best country in the world for that purpose. He hedged them around with laws and divine institutions, and with His own care and love defended them from all enemies. He planted in His vineyard the vines of His promises, His words, His commandments and instructions in holy things. He placed there the wine presses, which represented the various advantages conferred on the people to help them bring forth good fruit and present it to the Lord. But the expected fruit was not brought forth. He looked at it that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.

So with this nation in general, and race in particular, intemperance is the cause of most crime in this country.

What is the cost of intemperance? **MONEY, BLOOD-SHED, SUFFERING AND MORALS—ALL TO GAIN THE AFFECTION OF THE DEVIL, AND FOREVER TO BE PUNISHED IN A DEVIL'S HELL.** In this Christian nation, the land of the free and the home of the brave, the people spend each year more for drink by twenty times than they spend for education. The nation's drink bill exceeds that of our clothes and food combined. Over a billion dollars a year is spent for drink. We have more saloons than public schools, and more blind tigers than saloons in our prohibition counties and states where the state law allows men to pay license to sell rum. The world needs men that will help the law and officers to run down these lawbreakers and show them that this demon must not be sold to the unfortunate sufferer. We want him to be saved with the blessed. Men seem to believe more profoundly in the possibility of strong drink than in that of the gospel's transformation. Friends, did you know that hell, saloons and blind tigers are triple sisters? Think, then, look and see this standing army of six hun-

dred thousands staggering drunkards daily reading their way through a Christian nation. What is the fruit of this army? Nearly 3,000 murdered wives, 5,000 suicides, 7,000 murders, 40,000 widowed mothers, 60,000 fallen girls, 100,000 orphan children, 10,000 insane, 100,000 who die from drink annually, 1,000,000 boys who take the place of the dying, 400,000 paupers made annually, 350,000 criminals, 2,000,000 sufferers.

The great wars of the world for twenty-five years, from 1852 to 1877, including the Franco-German war and our civil war, cost a fraction over twelve billion dollars. The cost for intoxicants for the same period in the United States was over fifteen billion dollars. three billion dollars more than all the wars of the world, and for every 1,000 killed in battle RUM-KILLERS got twelve thousand.

In the territory covered by the United States there has been killed in wars during one hundred and fifty years six hundred thousand persons. Strong drink has killed seven million five hundred thousand. If all the blood that strong drink has caused to be shed could be collected together in one lake it would be a sea of blood, and many ships could sail there, and if all men could see this truth they would stand up and fight for temperance and save the people.

Look here in this drunkard's home. This is for your consideration, girls: The first few months the home is provided for fairly well. After marriage, though, he tells his old friends, "Boys, I am coming out again. I can't live this way." So that encourages him to come. Very soon the furniture is sold for debts, and he moves into a smaller house, or room on a back street, or in some desolate country place. He leaves his wife alone, and goes to the saloon or blind tiger to loaf and drink. Soon his wife is forced by circumstances to earn her living at the wash-tub or some cook kitchen. Sometimes she is so fortunate that she can make it with her needle, though after a hard day's work she returns home with a broken heart, thinking of her mistake in life, "Yes, I have made the mistake of my life. My happiness is no more. I am now alone without fire, waiting for that drunkard to come in that

staggering and quarrelsome way. Oh, if I could only recall my childhood days, and enter my father's home, I would take my parents' advice. Yes, the clock has struck 12. Hush. I think I hear him. No, that is only the cold, bleak winter wind, coming howling over the hills, and through the crevices of this drunkard's home. Oh, my God! I hear him coming, drunk. Oh, I wish I had never seen him! I am suffering, without bread, without fire, without shoes or clothes; then to be tormented with a drunken demon, is more than any poor woman can endure." She hears him fall against the door at 1 o'clock. She gets up and takes the bar from behind the door. The first word is a muttering oath. "I want that money you made today, or I am going to kill you this night." He enters with murder in his heart. Oh, the drunken demon, his drunken passion has overcome his better judgment. In that moment he pours his wrath upon the dear one that he promised at the marriage altar to love and protect. He continues to pound her until she falls unconscious under his blows. The drunkard's wife is the greatest sufferer. There may appear at times that all things are well in a drunkard's home, but if you could only know the brief of that broken-hearted mother even the saloon keeper would melt down in tears.

Illustration: The farmer sows in spring time, and his children rise up in autumn and assist in the harvesting. So it is with the drunkard. He sows, and all share in reaping, and from the depths of my soul I urge every woman to watch and pray, and never enter into the drunkard's snare. The drunkard's home is hell on earth. No young man who turns the intoxicating cup to his lips as a beverage, or ever expects to, should ask a pure, beautiful young woman for her heart and hand in marriage.

The liquor traffic is the curse and shame of our country. It clogs up the wheels of our racial progress, and the deepest disgrace of the nineteenth century. It is the mother bird that hatches out the daily blood of villainies, the father of anarchism, the mother of riot, and friend of everything that menaces the church and home. Indeed,

these are plain words. This is not the time for smothering sentences to dull the edge of truth. I know nothing in this broad land so out of place, so disgusting, so sickening to the soul of man or woman who really loves God, home and native land, as the sight of and works of intemperance before an enlightened conscience and family affection.

It is said that a young preacher was to preach his first sermon one Sunday. While the prayer service was going on one of the old members came to him and said: "You are just starting out, and it is my duty to tell you how to go. Then you are a stranger here. Look over there in the amen corner; there is five or six of our best paying members that take a drink when they want to. Then right in front there are two distillery men that make the good stuff and they pay well. Then the fat old woman there to your left, she sells it. So don't say anything about the making or selling or drinking rum. As there are no Jews here, preach about the sins of them, the Jews."

Oil and water will not mix; genuine gospel, religion, means a clean man, a clean prayer and a clean worship. So whiskey and religion won't mix, it costs in morals. With its iron feet manhood is destroyed, womanhood is debauched and childhood outrages, by the poison that is causing humanity to bleed at every pore. Oh, what a mocker is intemperance. In this country, through its doors, there is passing a great multitude, already under the fatal spell of appetite, and there they are, drinking day and night and over the bar, down human throats runs a mighty stream of alcoholic poison. Indeed, there is no tongue to tell nor pen to describe it, and no words furnishing the meanings that will equal the intolerable cursing that comes out of the saloon. It is the worst of the consumptions of all the world. Its records show hundreds of thousands of souls ruined, but none saved by it. It consumes energy, will, character, body and soul.

A lesson to you: A rich man said to his son, as he entered his home one dark and stormy night, staggering drunk: "My boy, I have done everything I could for you, and you only live to disgrace our family name." The

father then pushed his only son from the door into the darkness, but the old man heard him say, "Yes, father, you have done all this for me, but it was the whiskey you keep in the cellar and on the sideboard that lured me to drink, and now brought me to this." Death came for the boy that cold, dreary night. The next day he filled a drunkard's grave, and the father soon died from grief and a broken heart.

Let us further reflect openly the fact that drunkenness is of the very same nature as suicide. This is surely the bottom, philosophical fact which rests the exclusion of the drunkard from the kingdom of heaven. Every man who indulges in the evil of drink is thus a gradual suicide, for he does with full knowledge that which takes away his reason, health, self-control and happiness, and which is the sure destroyer of his highest ambition, whether for earth or for heaven. Millionaires have been made paupers by the degrading beverage; scholars have been converted into fools, and philosophers have been transformed into driveling idiots.

Time will not allow me to tell the whole story. It is the incarnation of disgrace, poverty, ignorance and death. It is sin operating in the earth in its most privileged form. All the forces of ignorance, wickedness and weakness is found in every glass of liquor.

In this beautiful world which God has given us there are some things that we must leave alone. This was true in Eden ere the serpent tempted and threw Adam from the high pinnacle of honor. It is still true today. This is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. There is not a place or class of peoples who do not actually feel the blighting hand of the drink habit.

This reminds us of the awful fact that no man livest to himself, but that we are bound together by the care of human interest. We must suffer if we live in a land of suffering. In our own times and among our own people we are warned that the drink habit is the most commanding curse, aside from one (I mean outrage upon the female

sex), in the columns of the daily papers. It has the ears of the student of philosophy and the eyes of the statesman and of religion. There is no question so fraught with danger to the republic as this one. Its baneful influence sweeps into every home in the land; it pulls great preachers from their God-given pulpit, throngs and pulls them in disgrace to the gutter; it has snatched the ensign of power from the millionaire and king, and led him among his ranks of beggars; it has torn the tongue of eloquence from the mouth of the orator and left him a speechless idiot and drinking simpleton; it has robbed the honest laborer of his job and made him a shameful occupant of the almshouse. There is no crime that has not been committed by the drunkard and the moderate drinker. Poverty is alcohol's delight, while honor and salvation are hated by this king of sin.

Let us show this nation in general, and race in particular, it's responsible for the iniquity that has befallen the conscience of the nation. The American peoples are guilty of being drunkards by choice. Those who are drunkards choose to be; they exercise their personal liberty. No man can (except by unconscious influences) force another into drinking or drunkenness, hence it is, to my mind, a matter of choice.

This is the basis of the objection raised against the prohibition movement, that it prevents freedom and would legislate morality in men.

Here is another way we, as a nation, have become responsible for the drink habit: It is the admission that this nation grants the traffic the commission—the national, state and city governments all over the country receive a revenue from the men who traffic in the making of drunkards. Every bayonet of the national government is morally bound (if such a state of affairs should demand it) to support the traffic, since it receives its license from their national government.

The same is true of state and cities where it is licensed—the constabulary is bound to protect the agents by which it thrives. Common sense demands that this positive licens-

ing, and the quiet consenting to it, are the two elements responsible for the presence in the nation, the worst foe to human organized government that has confronted a civilization.

It is a refreshment of soul to note the different attitudes that the nation turns to the drink habit and that which they presented years ago.

Today, instead of the pulpit being under the control of the demon rum, as formerly was, too, found, we we find the pulpits of all denominations crying out in no uncertain sounds against the traffic of liquor.

I thank God that the ministers of the gospel are the leaders of state and national movements for the final dethronement of king alcohol.

The church, through its leadership, has taken HIGHER GROUND, and is now combatting every inch of the ground against the foe of the home, the church and the state.

A cry is heard: "The money from the saloon for the education of the youth." Pray, tell me, what does the intemperance care for the education?

IT IS BUT AN OPEN FIELD FOR THE CREATION OF THE DRINK APPETITE AMONG OUR BOYS. SO PUT IT OUT BY YOUR VOTE AND TAKE CARE OF THE YOUTH.

God bless you all.

MY LECTURE AT GULFPORT ASKING FOR THE LAW.

Now, to my many friends of my race, there is one thing we want to learn, and that is to make friends. There is no way of knowing whether we have more or less today than in the days gone by. This question need not be answered, but today the Negro is in very sad need of strong friendship among white men, north and south. The Negro needs friendship that finds its basis not in sordid and selfish motives, nor yet born of pity and mere sympathy, but the Negro needs the friendship that finds its tap-root in a belief in his capacity for development, and believe in the creation that all men were created equal and are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Some say it is now time for the Negro to act for himself. Fifty years of help has brought justifiable results, and that his fullest development is to come, by an exercise of the strength already attained. The Negro heartily thanks you for all past favors, but the whole race rejoice when he learns from any source that the white brother is yet his friend.

The night when Lawyer Harris, of Oklahoma City, failed to meet his appointment, the Lord sent Dr. Ball, who took up the cross for Jesus. Those heart-stirring words from that broad man of God made me think of two of the greatest men for the right I ever heard from the pulpit. Though they both are at rest, waiting the final resurrection, then to help crown him lord of all, one of them, the M. E. Church, South, the other M. E. Church.

WE LOVE MEN THAT ARE FOR GOD. Let the ministers invite the white brother, that he can see that we are not dragging, but we are going forward as you started us. There are some that think we are a poor, helpless, ragged, forlorn, wretched and despised people. But, kind sirs, we are passing from the epoch of sentiment unto the period of worth and merit.

Alike, the Negro's friends and the Negro himself must make a fair interpretation of his movements. Nevertheless, the Negro is in need of patriotic friends. The Negro needs courageous friends. Men and women who count not

in championing the right, we ask for nothing more for the Negro than can be asked in the name of American principles—opportunity to make out of life all possible, unmolested and untrammelled.

Morally and all other ways that mean upward for a fallen race that has served the other for nearly three centuries, we now ask for your friendship and protection, as a helpless people. Don't make us prisoners just because you are the law, and the country is yours. We know this, and want to be law-abiding citizens. We have a part. We ask you to punish the guilty when he violates the law, there are things that if you think some Negro is guilty of you want to kill the first Negro you see, and generally do kill maybe two or three before you are satisfied or get the right party, let it be another's sister or anybody, that is wrong. God has got his eye on you. He will not bless your children unless you learn to obey his word.

I want to feel at home and safe, as long as I am right with the law of God and the law of the land. We want your friendship. You are strong. Won't you help us to feel that you are for the right and for the right only.

We ask you in the name of God to punish the violators and protect the innocent. May God bless you even if you are not right, and you may see your mistake and get right today.

One question to you, reader, Is your heart right with God? If not, I advise you to get right today. This may be the last chance in this life. As life is uncertain, but death is sure, prepare today to meet your God.

My last word to you is to love ye one another.

THE GREATEST AND MOST MARVELOUS WAR IN THE AGES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The Negro took a great part and filled all requirements with honor and heroic deeds, from the common labor to the highest office given him by merit. He gave his life freely, believing to be making things better at home and to help hold the honor that America has won in the past. He did not go as a slave, conscripted or a deserter, but as a valiant soldier he died for the great cause. You told him to make the world safe for all nations to live in,. For more than four fearful years the war swept fearlessly through the continent of Europe and blazed in many, many ports of Africa and Asia. Thirty nations and scores of different races were involved. Nearly ten million men were slain in battle. Thirty million were injured. Thousands were made cripple or insane. No country on earth escaped the losses and terror of the war in some of the many forms. The high seas were ravaged. The Negro helped to stop it, but thousands of ships were sent to the bottom. Mothers, daughters, little children, nurses, teachers and ministers of all religion were slain or suffered death by starvation and disease, when horror was at its height, when the world stood aghast and the defenders of civilization were almost overwhelmed then America, with her great force of white and black, plunged into the hottest furnace of the war and snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. Who would have believed such before it happened? Two million American boys were rushed across the dangerous seas to fight in France, and three million more were ready to follow (white and black). We were together in war, why not together at home in peace?

Miracles of valor were wrought in foreign lands by our own boys (white and black), who but yesterday were quietly stocking the things most needed at home, playing base and football, working in offices, factories, mines and farms, and so on. Though today the war is over and many are sleeping beneath the troubled soil of France. This alone is plenty to stir the manhood of all the world to see how freely we gave our boys to the call. Now, try with all their power to protect our people by the law,

and let all the people preach and teach one thing—thou should not kill. Here is one trouble that caused a deal of hatred against the Negroes not dealing with him and taking here says some times the white man sees the Negro's progress in city and country, and his great preparation he is making, asks himself, won't this some day demand social equality?

The Negro answers, "No."

Why not?

The Negro does not want social equality, and won't have it. The South will never consent to it. You are the law, though as soon as the Negro begins to ask for a higher education, better homes, churches and more prepared leaders some one says he wants to associate with the white people, but that is a mistake, he is only preparing to have some one in his own race of high, noble character to associate with.

Now, my friends, to stop lynching, it doesn't mean that the Negro will be any greater than he is at this present day; but it only indicates that the Negro will think that you have decided to obey the word of God, the Commandment.

Now, to my Southern friends, that love law and order, will you only decide to give all men justice and let vengeance be God's? You can protect the purity of the white race and never lynch a single man. Let your statue law have its course. I believe in every race forever remaining as God made them; and all men believe the same when they believe right.

My Southern friend, I know why you are not willing to open the door of politics to the Negro, and try to keep him, as far in the dark as you can, thinking that will be one step toward social equality; but I must say that is not true. If that was true, it would take 669 years for the Negro in the South to climb the ladder and reach its height, making 60 rounds per minute. Give him a square deal in all business things.

Two thousand years in advance, continuously going at electric speed; give him a chance (please), help us to raise.

The strong ought to help the weak. Then why not give the Negro the benefit of the doubt, as you have made the laws. We are not happy at times, though we never desire to be anything but what God made us. We do not ask for social equality and do not want it. We only want law and order to all men alike. You help us by your life and work to develop great things in the Negro. Lynching is only a disgrace to any civilized nation. We like wealth and happiness, though we want to be Negroes, and not white.

Now, as a God-fearing race, and one who the world ought to be proud of, don't allow your hatred on the act of progress to cause you to try to prevent the progress of a helpless race. You are in front, so lead the Negro to higher and nobler things, as he is expecting this of you. Do not hinder us, but help us. If you do that, teach and preach to the Negro; never tell him that he can never be great, and that only the white man can. You will change the idea of the few that want to be white back to where he belongs. Only a few Negro women in the South want to be white, and they ought to be lynched, if anybody on God's earth ought to be, for trying to rob a white girl of her life-long happiness.

A Negro can be great and noble as any man if he will work and make preparations to that end. It is the advice to encourage him to stick to his own race at all times and all places, then encourage him to make preparations to own farms and some of the best land of God's earth, build beautiful homes on the farms, raise plenty of poultry, hogs, horses, mules and last, but not least, and a host of noble sons and daughters; encourage them to have good churches, painted houses, music in their homes, churches and schools, then employ the best preachers and teachers, then have your community fairs and everything to encourage good farming and stock raising; stop lynching and help the Negro by treating him as you wish to be treated. Then the North cannot do you any harm. For contradicting your word, the Negro is killed as soon as night comes. In certain communities, in some parts, are worse than others. Though you can beat, kick, take his daughters or wife and drive him from his home, or do any-

thing to him you want to, and he can't say a murmuring word. This is all the past, I hope, and not in this generation since the war, and may the South, the place the Negro loves so well, remain his home. Tell him you are the law, and I am going to take care of you by the law, as you are trying to be a man. I am going to help you. Then stop lynching, and that will satisfy the Negro. Let the law settle all cases. You are the law, the law will hang him, wait a few days. Don't allow the sentiment to take the law regardless to what happens. I know some things are mighty hard, though just wait a few days, the law will do the same thing of a mob; men, be patient. We do not want to protect crime, but believe in punishing criminals, and protect the innocent. Don't you?

Let Democracy ring and all men love the law and obey the same. Then have a safe world to live in, as you have made the law safe for the protection of the people, make the black man safe in America, and where he wants to live and die; but not by a mob, but a civilized death. Then we know that all the good things must have started some time or another from the white man. As you are a producer and an inventor for good or bad, so we want you always to feel that we need more good and noble things to continue to fill our minds, that no bad things can enter.

The Negro don't want to live in the white neighborhood if you give him proper protection by the officer, good streets, walks, light and sewer and other things for the convenience and happiness of the Negro as much as for the whites. Give our teachers wages that will satisfy them, and we will assure you there will never be a Negro that will ever desire to enter one of your schools, any branch of learning.

We want to be as we are and associate with our own race, and not the white. Why not put two or three of these little schools together and make one good school, with prepared teachers, teachers and preachers can help to stop the cause of lynching. Give us a chance to prepare our children and you will never hear of one wanting to be white.

You can find in Cincinnati, Ohio, where the Negro can go to any school, though they have colored schools in colored districts. And many children attend their own school in order to be with their race. So we are anxious to be with our own people. He believes that social equality will injure him, as bad as you think it will you. We thank the South for trying to let each race prove his worth in this great world progress and to keep each race separate. The Negro knows what it would mean for the white man to be in our homes with his money, education, looks and power. It would mean a moral destruction. So put up the fence, socially, higher, that he may never get in our race without shame on himself or his people as well as ours. So don't handicap our women by introducing anything to them in the South but purity. We mean to go upward and to live with Jesus, who suffered and died on the cross, that we all might have a right to the tree of life. Women, be loyal to your father and husband. Do unto others as you wish others to do unto you. The white man is not so bad, though it seems when brought in contact with some women with physical attraction and whom he has no respect, the sexual passion asserts itself powerfully, and with no respect or fears then he advanced his thoughts and words. As our women are the mothers of a great race, we must keep all intruders out that we possibly can.

How bad the Negro would feel if he were called on to associate with the white people. I will say for my whole race, if you would stop lynching the Negro and try all cases according to law and give the Negro the advantage of the doubt, according to the evidence, we would prove to you our worth. Give him a fair chance on the farm, give him a chance in business affairs and stop the immigration.

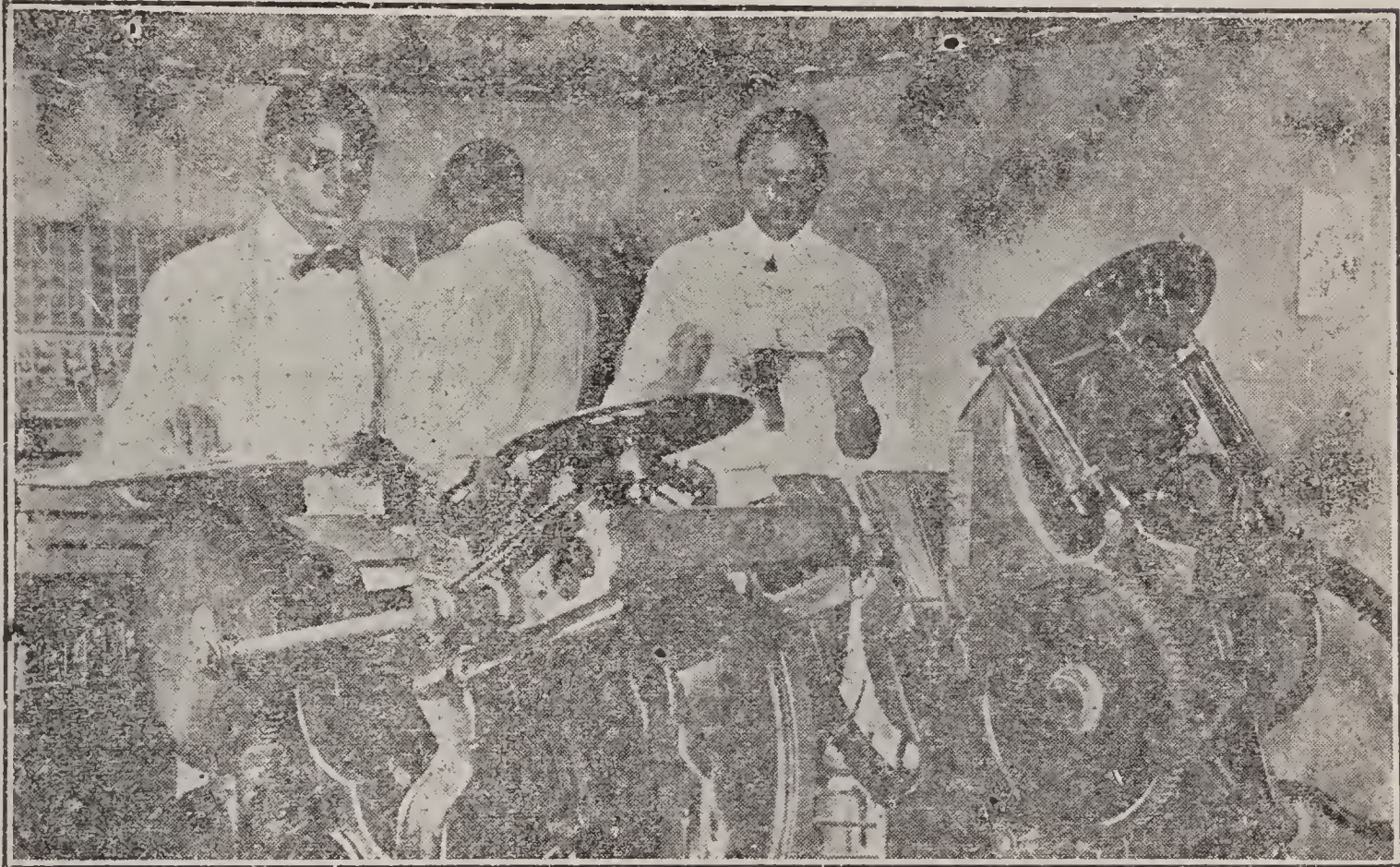
To make the Negro the happiest people on earth give him justice. Make this law appear in your State—that any county or State where a man is killed by a mob must pay to his legal representatives five to ten thousand dollars, and there will be no more lynching among Negroes. You have hung only a few women. A few years ago a

mother and daughter were hanged in the same State—a very sad affair it was indeed. I passed at the time, and the mob hissed me on, and I did go. It was a shame on a civilized nation that lost thousands of her sons over the sea who were fighting for democracy. May God reign at home and then spread abroad. Our Southern hands are stained with the blood of few innocent Negroes for a crime and no guilt. The two girls were innocent associates for a Southern paper. A trial before a court would have been among us with no stain of innocent blood. At the same time two brothers (boys), hanged for the same offense, later they found out that the party had committed suicide, yet four of my race paid the penalty, which was death.

Now, think for one moment how easily a white man can appear as a Negro by disguising himself with paint or soot and the crime is put on a Negro of the same size; and the girls are the only way to identify him. I know a case where two white men and two women met two colored men and went to a certain place for the purpose of robbing a house. They killed the inmate of the house, set the house on fire, then let the Negroes go, that they might return in opposite direction and go with them to do the robbery. Now, after the house was burned they felt guilty and sought to lynch the two colored men, for fear they would tell it. The Negro is an eye-witness to many things. If the court knew them they could make this a better country; but if you will tell the Negro you will lynch him, and this is a white man's country. You say the poor fool will say "Yassar," and he wouldn't own it to God. You don't have to keep the Negro down—just keep going as you are, and you will keep in front. Help us to get up, Mr. President, Senator, Congressman, Governor and all officers of the U. S. A., as you are a few out of thousands that know why the Negro is in such a stir and trying to find refuge. Since you have saved Belgium and so many foreign nations, the Negroes were in the fight over there, and now he is at home asking every American to make all parts of America safe for the Negro to live in, the South as well as the North, East or West.

I am a Southern man. I want to remain in the South and I appeal to all my race this is the best place to live. So help me by making the law his protection—not some other part of the Democratic Government. Be as your leader, all the world's friend, who is now touring the U. S. A., trying to give you light, and I am writing asking you to accept the same and be men for right and die before you will surrender to the wrong, protected by the law, and the Negro is satisfied and will remain at home for ever and ever. Amen.

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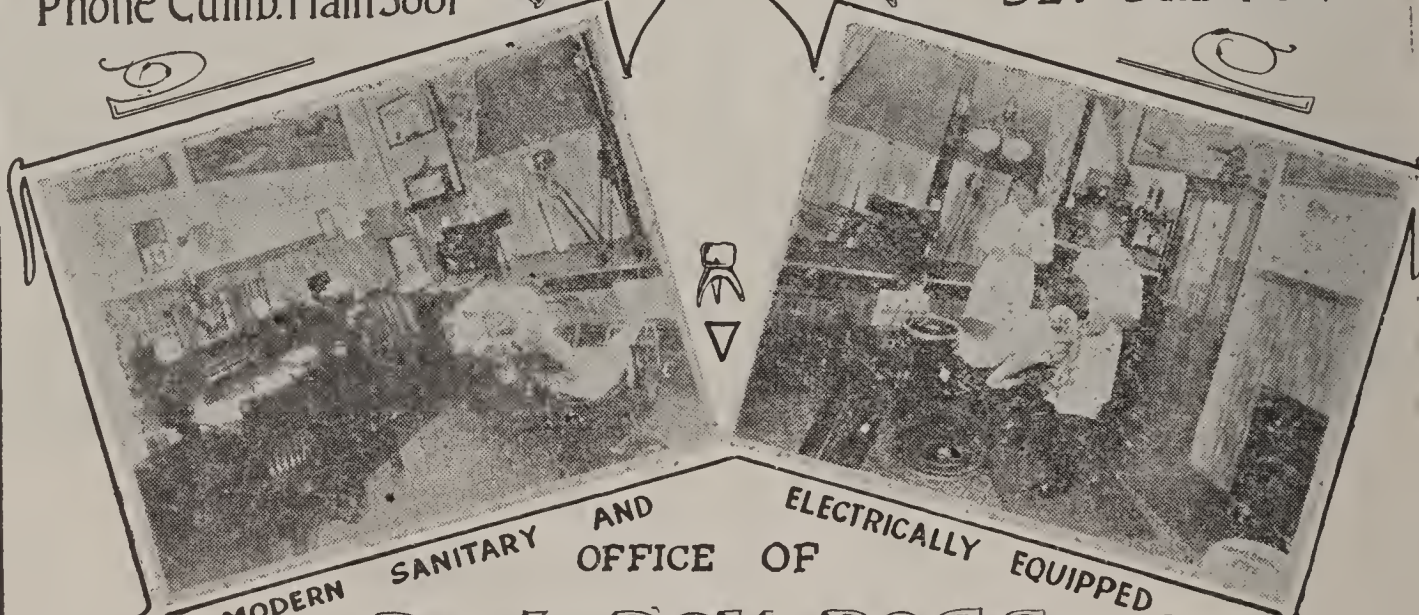
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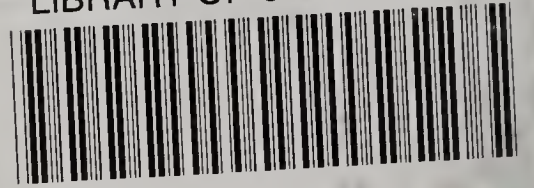
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